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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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WEARY.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Come oh, night thou soft reliever,
Kiss my brow with breath so mild;
Make me lowly-bowed belov'd—
Free and careless as a child.
Hide the sun whose golden splendor
Wakens no glad thoughts I sue;
Fold me lovingly and tender
'Neath thy wond of ebon hue.
While my weary head I pillow
'Neath thy shades with silence blest,
Calm thou every strife-like bellow,
Leaving me the boon of rest.
Give me sleep while constellations
Gleam like gems upon thy brow.
What care I for stirring nations?
Give me sleep, I need it now!
Fan my brow with breezes cooling,
Take the burden from my heart;
Noises cease when thou art ruling;
Thou of silence art a part.
Let me slumber; I am weary—
Wearied of the toil and cares;
Sigh my soul, thoughts confused, dreary;
All a sullen gloom abides.
Let me lie in quiet dreams—
Till the rosy morn awakes,
Then the world all fairer seeming
On unvigorized senses breaks.
My eyes in languor I am closing,
Slumber steals o'er me so light;
And I thank thee in reposing—
Thank and bless thee, gentle night!

Love in a Maze:

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,

AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

SAD CHANGES.

OLIVE was driven from the ball quickly, to the hotel where the Westons were staying. Mr. Seaforth took the young lady into the drawing-room; but she would not wait for him to make inquiries.

She ran, breathless, up the stairs.

In the corridor she was met by her mother, who clasped her in her arms.

"Papa! papa!" faltered the weeping girl.

"Be quiet, my child; we hope he is not hurt much. He was thrown out of the carriage. No, you must not go in just yet; the doctors are with him."

Olive pressed for all the details of the accident. Mr. Weston had been sensible throughout, and no limbs were broken. Only the shock to his system had been very severe.

Presently the door of the suite of rooms occupied by the Westons was opened, and two gentlemen came out. One of them came to the wife.

"My dear madam, you must not be alarmed."

"Doctor Searles, is there not cause for it?"

"Mr. Weston has met with a serious accident; but no bones are broken, and we are doing our best. He is helping us by bearing the pain cheerfully; and you must help us by not giving way, and by keeping up his spirits. It will not do for him to see you suffer on his account."

The other physician stepped up.

"I will send the nurse immediately," he said, and bowing to the ladies he went downstairs.

"A nurse!" repeated Olive, lifting up her head, and wiping away the tears. "Cannot I nurse papa? Oh, mamma, let me; I am strong and well."

She looked radiant as she stood there in her ball-room dress, from which the cloak had fallen, her face glowing with painful excitement. The doctor did homage involuntarily to her beauty. But he would not favor her petition.

"I cannot allow it, my dear young lady," he replied. "You may be strong, but you feel too much. You may take care of your mother; and I assure you, she needs looking after."

"And I may not see papa?" wailed Olive, with a fresh burst of tears.

"You may for a moment; I will take you in; but I warn you that excitement is the very worst thing for a patient whose nerves are in such a state."

Both Olive and her mother followed him into the room, Mr. Seaforth having bid them good-night.

The doctor made a gesture enjoining silence as they went toward the bed. The daughter kneeled down, drawing her father's head to her, and kissing it again and again. Mrs. Weston sat in the easy-chair, where she could look into her husband's face.

"My dear child!" the sufferer murmured.

Olive threw one arm around his neck, and kissed the dear face. But she could not release her sons.

"This will not do!" interposed the physician.

"My good sir, I have indulged these ladies with permission to see you, but you are too weak to bear any conversation; and I cannot permit them to remain. You will be able soon, I trust, to say everything you wish to them, and they to you. Now, you must excuse me."

He took Olive's arm, lifted her up and led both her and her mother to the door.

"You will not leave him?" faltered Mrs. Weston.

"I will stay till Dr. Clark sends the nurse. He can be relied on implicitly. Now let me recommend you, madam, to retire. I do not want two patients on my hands at once."



He saw a slender girl, standing on a platform ledge, under the brow of a crag.

The implied bond had been held sacred on the lady's part. Her beauty and rare qualities had attracted suitors of wealth and distinction; but she listened to none. She was in her twenty-fourth year, and had heard nothing of Herbert for years, except from distant acquaintances that he appeared devoted to his business pursuits.

Emily now looked on life with different eyes in spite of her theory; and though prudent in her counsels and cold in her demeanor, had learned to value affection beyond all the possessions of earth.

Deeply, in her heart of hearts, did she regret her refusal of St. Clare. Had she not given him a right to think her cold and sordid? Was she not justly punished by losing his love forever? These painful musings were stirring in her breast, even while the preceding discussion was going forward, in which is exhibited the hard part of her nature.

Olive listened, but took no part in the conversation. A deep gloom overspread her face; she leaned listlessly over the arm of the sofa, absorbed in painful thoughts.

Ruhama rose to take leave, and, in her rattling way, again rallied her friend upon her sadness, and told the story of the misunderstanding standing between her and young Hamilton.

"He has sailed for Europe," Emily remarked. "Wyndham went with him to the ship."

"Well, he deserved his ill-fortune," snapped Miss Seaforth. "To send a proposal without a signature, involving all sorts of blunders, and then go away in a huff, because people are misled by his stupidity!"

"Ruhama!" exclaimed Olive, in earnest entreaty.

"There—don't look so distressed, my dear!

We are all friends, you know!"

And while the volatile girl kissed the pale cheek and ran out of the room, Emily Blount took a seat by her, and passed her arm round Olive's waist.

Some moments of silence passed, in which Olive wept quietly.

"Why was not this misunderstanding cleared up?" asked Miss Blount, in a low tone. "Surely Mr. Wyatt was bound to set matters right."

"He said he would do so at once."

"Oh, I know now!" Mr. Hamilton was absent from the city. He left home the very morning after the ball; and only returned just before he sailed. They missed each other."

"Emily," implored Olive, "do not speak further of this!"

"I am only anxious, my love, that your happiness, and his, should not be thrown away for a trivial misapprehension."

"He must know the truth; he may have changed his mind! For the world, I would not have him called back to me!"

"Olive, beware of tampering with the flower of the heart! Be warned by my sad experience!"

"Yours?"

"Did I not despoil Herbert of his glorious gifts, so rich in power to confer happiness? Did I not fetter him with my limited notions of utility?"

"But you said, truly, the arts were a poor dependence, for those seeking the means of subsistence."

"So they are; and in strict prudence, my ideas are all correct. But, oh, what a margin there is to love, and I never allowed it! What a fairy world stretches beyond, full of prizes the angels might strive for! Be prudent, guarded, and careful as you will; but remember, *love outweighs the world!*"

"What can I do?" faltered the trembling girl.

"Write to Claude, if you know his address, and tell him of the mistake."

"I do not know his address, and if I did, I would not write! How could I explain my conduct that evening—so nearly verging on flirtation?"

"Confess the truth to him."

"Confess what?"

"That you were piqued by remarks you had heard; that you supposed he avoided you for the same reason; that the blundering of his letter had led to a mistake on your part—"

"Oh, Emily! and what would he infer?"

"He might infer what it would please him beyond all things to discover."

"And you would have me thus humiliate myself!"

"What humiliation would there be, if you cared for his esteem and affection, in letting him know it?"

"Never! I will never do it! You cannot wish me to do such a thing!"

"I wish you to be happy, Olive."

"Had he really loved me, he would have made sure of his letters having been received. He might have known common courtesy would not permit me to leave it unanswered. He would have given me an opportunity of explanation."

"He is diffident to a fault, you know; and self-distrust may have prevented him."

"And am I to pursue him half over the globe, and make good the shortcomings of his self-distrust?"

"He has been precipitate in throwing away his chance of happiness!"

"How do I know that? He may have sent the proposal under an impulse he regretted afterward."

"I do not believe that."

"Is it for me to hold him to his offer, and follow him up? Emily, I cannot degrade myself. He may find out the consequences of his blunder."

"I hope, indeed, he may."

"If he does not, I shall take no steps to reclaim him."

"You may be right, Olive, to be swayed by pride in this matter; but—"

"Not pride; only maidenly delicacy."

"But I would sacrifice something to put an end to misunderstanding."

"Let us talk no more of it, dear Emily. I am unhappy enough about dear papa."

Her tears burst forth afresh, and her friend strove to soothe her.

Claude Hamilton had indeed sailed for the Old World without giving poor Tom Wyatt a chance to elucidate matters. And he left no address; so that the letter Tom sent to him was never received.

Devotedly as he loved Miss Weston, the idea that she had received his proposal with contempt was fixed in his mind. The memory of her face as he had last seen it, glowing and beaming with pleasure at the frivolous compliments offered by a male butterfly, haunted him. Should he break his heart for one who had shown herself so regardless of his feelings? No; that he would not.

Among the gay young men of Paris, one was gayer than Claude Hamilton, while he bore a wound in his bosom which time was almost powerless to heal.

Thus by a small piece of blundering and the failure of efforts to set matters right, the happiness of two loving hearts was wrecked.

How much further misunderstanding, bitterness and heart-burnings were to be gone through before the mistake was discovered!

A farthing rushlight, at the right moment, would have opened the full stream of sunshine, warmth and love.

While Hamilton sought relief in foreign adventure, trying to efface the image of the girl he loved from his heart, she bore her suffering added to the weight of the deepest misfortune that can afflict one cherished as she had been. Neither knew nor suspected the anguish endured by the other.

Months passed on harassing doubt and anxiety; months of gloom, scarcely relieved by a ray of hope. The Weston family returned to their home with the invalid, but he never recovered his health.

No need to linger on that mournful time. The wife and daughter were left alone in the world, and the declining health of Mrs. Weston rendered her entirely dependent upon Olive's care.

Very little property was left. The able lawyer had lived up to his income, hoping for many years of usefulness, in which he might make provision for the dear ones he loved so well. He had no debts, but many due to him could not be collected.

Olive bravely faced the difficulties. When the villa was rented, and the furniture disposed of, she found herself able to take a retired little cottage in Harlem, and to furnish it very plainly.

She had one pretty room for her mother. This had many articles from their old home, and was luxurious as Mrs. Weston's had been before her change of fortune. The invalid found no difference in the accommodations required by her daily wants. Her daughter's own hands prepared the delicacies she would not spare from her mother's table.

Olive went in search of music pupils, and turned to account her delicate taste for painting, in all the works she could get from publishers and photographers. One holiday folio of flowers, which she had to color, gave her pleasant employment for months, and proved a lucrative occupation.

It was a gorgeous thing—that book of natural flowers, grouped so exquisitely, and painted with such truth to nature! But such works are not to be found often; the public does not encourage them.

The girl was sitting beside her mother one afternoon in early autumn.

She had been disappointed in her hope of obtaining some new scholars, and had come home weary and sad. But she spoke always cheerfully to the invalid.

A carriage stopped before the little gate, and two ladies alighted. They were Ruhama and Miss Blount.

"I am so glad to have found you at home darling!" cried Emily. "I have something strange, oh, how strange, to tell you!"

CHAPTER V.

A RUFFIAN'S PLAN.

RASHLEIGH was not at home when the travelers drew up before the door, and his wife rejoiced at it, for it enabled her to make her sister comfortable in her spare room, and give instructions to the colored woman to do every thing she required.

She made Albertine lie down after taking a cup of tea; darkened the windows, and gave the child something to play with in the kitchen.

The negress willingly took charge of the little one; and Elodie was delighted with the new things she saw. Her aunt then walked toward the village, to meet the storm she knew would break on her head, when the churlish master became aware of what she had done in her desperation.

She met him sauntering from the tavern, his pipe in his mouth in full blast. He paid no heed to her "good morning," nor to her excuse for her stay over night in the city. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing; and she trusted, she said, it would never happen again.

"And, now, I have something strange to tell you, Bennet," she added; "I have found Albertine at last!"

"Who?"

"Albertine, my sister. You know we have not seen her in five years."

"The ne'er-do-well hussy! I hope she has suffered for the caper she cut!" was the enthusiastic response.

"Oh, Bennet! pray don't bear malice against her!"

"She rid my house of a pest, when she ran away with a villain! I don't want to hear any more of her."

"The man who married her was not a villain."

"Married her! Do you expect me to believe in any such bosh as that?"

"Albertine was married; I have now the proofs?"

"What of it, if she was! It's nothing to me. Was it that kept you out all night, and no supper fit to eat for me?"

A sudden thought struck Letty—a light to direct her course! She would appeal to the cupidity of the man she knew had no mercy in him.

"Her husband—Albertine's—was good to her as long as he lived. And he came into a fortune before he died!"

"Eh! What's that?"

"Mr. Sterne left money to his wife, to Albertine, and she ought now to be well off. But the agent, who pretended to be a trustee, tried to swindle her."

"Will you talk sense!" exclaimed the brute, removing his pipe, and gazing at his wife with

some appearance of interest. "Tell a straight story if you can."

Letty went over the whole matter, as briefly and as clearly as she could. "I thought," she added, deprecatingly, "you might find out where her money is invested, as you understand business!"

"Humph! The fellow she calls her agent has run away with the funds, I suppose!"

"That could not be; for he could only draw any amount by having Albertine's order."

"Has she got any one to see to her affairs?"

"Oh no! She has been very ill; she is too weak to go to any one! But she will pay you well, Bennet, if you would attend to it for her; she would give any commission you choose."

"Humph! Where is she?"

"Will you see her?"

"Perhaps; if the job is worth it. She ought to have some one to take care of her money, if she has it."

"Oh, thanks!"

"But I must talk to her about it."

Now came the hardest part of poor Letty's task.

"I hope you will forgive me, Bennet; but—I wanted you to see her; and—and she was ill and hardly able to sit up; and so—I brought her with me."

"Where? What do you mean? Can't you speak, woman?"

"I have brought her home; she is in the house."

"In my house?" with a burst of profanity.

"There was nowhere else I could take her. Oh, Bennet! she is my sister."

"Curse your sister!" exclaimed her husband, with a burst of ferocious execrations.

"She shan't stay in my house! I'll see if I'm to be put upon by every beggar you happen to meet!"

"Oh, Bennet, she is no beggar! She will pay you well! And she may not live long!"

"Begone, woman; stand out of my way!"

"Where are you going?"

"Home! I'll see who's master in my own house!"

The poor woman wrung her hands helplessly as her husband strode on to the house.

For a moment her spirit rose against this cruel injustice, and she resolved that if Albertine were driven out to perish, she would go with her, and would never return to the dwelling of her tyrant. But the habit of abject submission resumed its sway, and then she could only think how his wrath could be averted. There was but one point vulnerable in his nature—his love of money.

That had done its work before Rashleigh reached home. He demanded to see Albertine; and his wife found them in quiet conversation when she returned. She felt greatly relieved; and went into the kitchen, hoping for the best.

Rashleigh happened to be perfectly sober, and soon mastered all the difficulties of the case. The next day he went to New York, and by diligent inquiries soon found where the money—some twenty-five thousand dollars—was deposited. It was invested in ample securities. None of it could be drawn without the order of Albertine Sterne.

The man returned home, and consented to the stay of his sister-in-law, and her child, on condition of the payment of a high board, and such sums as he thought proper to demand from time to time under the pretext of "extras." These covered medicines, delicacies in food, sending for a city doctor occasionally, etc.

For Albertine did not mend. It was not long before the symptoms of the malady, that had taken off her mother—consumption—were developed.

Letty was the most devoted nurse in the world; and the invalid had every comfort.

The sisters sat for hours every evening, hand in hand, and talked of the future of the little girl, so soon to be left to the sole care of her aunt. Albertine had no fears for her under such guardianship. She empowered Letty to draw for her needs whenever money was required, and, in an informal way, made her the trustee and guardian of her child.

The little one grew apace, and gave promise of robust health, invigorated by the sea air.

It was in the spring after the widowed mother had come to sojourn by the coast, that her faithful sister watched the ebbing of the tide of life. With Albertine's last breath, she commanded her child to Letty's care.

"He does not believe I was ever married," she whispered, referring to her brother-in-law.

"Keep the papers safe, and do not let him know where they are. He might destroy them, and then wrong my Elodie."

The sister promised to protect the girl's rights.

"The church register will show it," faltered the dying, "if you should be robbed. That and my darling's birth. The will Charley made said I was to have everything, and my child comes after me; it is all hers. You will see that she has it, Letty. Give the papers to some lawyer you can trust. God bless you both, my sister, and my little daughter!"

They were almost her last words.

When the funeral was over, Rashleigh demanded access to the effects and papers of the deceased.

Letty secreted those of importance, and the letters which he discovered were of little consequence.

He was confirmed in his opinion that the story of a marriage was a fable. Was it likely a man who had expectations of a fortune would marry the girl he had induced to run away with him? The child could inherit nothing; the sister—the wife—was the real heir to all that Albertine had possessed.

He told Letty, with mauldin congratulations, in his tipsy hours, on her access of fortune. His wife dared not dispute the matter; and suffered it to pass. She could give the child all she needed—drawing the installments of interest by her own order; and she would purchase peace by silence as long as possible. She held some degree of power in her hands so long as her signature alone sufficed at the bank.

So time passed on. Elodie was sent to the country school, and for two years to a boarding-school in the city. Books were provided, which she devoured at home. Her life was made as pleasant as it could be made; and with her love of nature, and her buoyant spirits, the girl was as happy as a bird.

She never had a sorrow till her aunt became an invalid. Then her tenderness and affection were brought out. Her little hands were active in household tasks, and no nurse was more assiduous in the care of the sick. She read and sung to the sufferer; she prepared dainties to tempt her to eat; she gathered wild flowers and fragrant boughs, and decorated the rooms to please her. She would wander for hours gathering seaweed to arrange in moss pictures and put them on the walls. She refused to be sent to school again while her beloved aunt was ill; and the sunshine she made in the house was the invalid's greatest comfort.

There seemed a mutual repulsion between the girl and her uncle. He had always dis-

liked the child. He wished her out of his way; and had from the first meditated the confiscation of her property—or that called hers—to his own use.

To provide for the fulfillment of his wishes, he had compelled his sick wife to sign a conveyance to himself of all she possessed. This, he was certain, would cover all her late younger sister had left; to which she was the undoubtedly heir, for Albertine had left no will, and he insisted that the child should be allowed to inherit nothing from her father.

CHAPTER VI.

ELODIE AND HER GUARDIAN.

MRS. RASHLEIGH lay very ill. A low fever had wasted her strength for months, and now had prostrated her so that she could not leave her bed.

Rashleigh bore the privation of his comforts with surly impatience; and vented his anger often on his suffering wife, when his servants would not bear it. Silas, the man, had finally been dismissed in a quarrel.

The man made his way to the little village not far from the highest bluff, and sauntered to the low-roofed tavern. There he saw a phaeton turn into the yard, and learned that it belonged to a young gentleman from the city, who had more than once visited the locality on business with his master.

The young man's name was Wyndham Blount. He was taking his dinner in the parlor of the inn.

He recognized Silas, and asked after the family.

A very sad account of it had the discharged servant to give. The mistress ailing; as good as dying, one might say; the master that cross, there was no bearing his tempers, and drunk half his time at that; how could a decent workman abide it? and poor Mrs. Rashleigh to have no doctor in all her sufferings!

"I am going there directly," said the young man. "You know your master has often consulted me about his investments, and I have come over to-day on the business. I shall talk to him about a doctor for his wife."

"And indeed, sir, you'll be doing a Christian charity!"

"Is there a medical man in the village?"

"There is, sir, a tolerable one for practice. He is excellent with horses."

"But we don't want a horse-doctor! I had best send one down."

"It's a chance if the master will let him come in."

"I will see to that."

When he had finished his dinner, Wyndham walked to Rashleigh's house.

The master was not at home. He walked in, and inquired for the lady.

The negress looked surprised, but went to take the visitor's name to her mistress. Presently she returned, and asked him to walk into her chamber.

A pale, emaciated woman lay on the bed. She was evidently in the last stage of weakness. She smiled as Wyndham entered, and held out her wan, wasted hand. He was affected almost beyond the power to speak.

"I am very glad to see you," said the invalid.

"I cannot tell you, Mrs. Rashleigh, how shocked I am to find you in this condition. You should have the best advice. Let me send Dr. Orme to see you."

"No, no, Mr. Wyndham; he can do nothing for me; nor can any one. My days are numbered."

"You must not be discouraged. I shall insist upon sending a better doctor than you can get in this village."

"It will be of no use. And I do not care to recover. But—but you can do something for me. You can do what will give me peace—oh, such peace—in dying."

She whispered to the colored woman, who nodded her head, and left the room.

"My dear madam," said the young man with deep emotion, "you may rely on me for any service in my power."

"Thanks! I will—trust you!" The husky utterance failed.

The sufferer reached her hand for a glass half full of a mixture, that stood on a table by the bed. She sipped a few drops, and they seemed to strengthen her. She fixed her eyes on Wyndham with intense eagerness, and her lips murmured:

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Half an hour later the scouts stood within the deserted camp, moodily eying the few dying embers. A thorough scout through the valley left no room for doubt. The allied outlaws and Blackfeet had left, apparently for good, and had taken their captives with them, if any they had.

"It's useless looking for a trail or to waste time in trying to read signs on such a night as this. Besides, 'tis growing late, and the sun will open up over yonder before long. We can do no good here—perhaps we can be of use to these emigrants."

"It's poor manners to open a new trail after the old one's wound up—but I don't see what else we kin do. Besides, they'll be kinder lookin' for us, an' I'll need all the help they kin git if the lot we see'd all do that best. I reckon you're right, boss."

Without any more words the scouts retraced their steps, and were soon gliding along through the deep pass, using all possible caution to avoid running into the enemy, at times forced to pause until the moon again hid itself beneath a cloud, lest the keen-eyed savages should glance back and discover them.

Suddenly they found themselves almost in the midst of a lot of mustangs, who snorted and pawed the ground suspiciously. These had been abandoned by the Indians and outlaws, when the scout sent in advance brought in their report. Though the wagons were parked, everything was quiet in the camp, and the usual fires had been lighted. Hoping to surprise the emigrants, the savages had dismounted, leaving their animals unguarded, though securely tied to the rocks around.

The scouts quickly understood this, and Yellowstone Jack was in favor of stampeding the herd, but Campbell demurred.

"That would spoil our plans, don't you see? The reds would know then that the whites had friends at hand, and would be on their guard. As it is, when they are at it, hot and heavy, we will come down on them with revolvers, and as we've all got pretty sound lungs, we can make 'em believe they're attacked by regiment."

"Your head's level, old man! I knuckle under—I reckon I'll jest call you boss all the time!" said Yellowstone Jack, in a tone of admiration.

Campbell still led the way, and a few minutes more of cautious creeping carried them out of the pass and into the broad, level space before the corral. Crouching beside a boulder, they patiently waited for the moon to show itself, in order to gain an accurate idea of the enemy's position. They were not kept long in suspense. The light came, revealing to them the same sight that so astonished Petho-nista and Ada.

Then came the single shot from the wagons—the clear, defiant shout, mingled with the death-shriek of the stricken savage—the wild charging cry of the enemy as they darted for ward—and then, the withering volley—the cheer of fancied victory—the rattle—the strange sight upon the peak; and then the moon hid itself once more, as though loth to gaze upon such a terrible scene.

"Keep close to me—not a word until I shout; then go in for all you're worth!" hurriedly muttered Campbell.

The men glided rapidly forward. They had not noticed the weird being above, and were puzzled by the abrupt pause in the fight. But this was only momentary—then the horrible death-struggle for possession of the barrier was resumed.

A clear, trumpet-like voice rose high above the devilish din, and carried a thrill of terror into the Blackfeet hearts. One of their number fell, pierced with a rifle-shot. Then a wild cheer, long and seemingly composed of many voices, arose, and a death-hall swept through their crowded ranks.

The avenger was upon them!

Raging like a very fiend, Campbell leaped into their midst, nobly seconded by Yellowstone and his comrades. They rained death from every side, but not for long.

A cry of terror went up from the savages, and as with one accord they broke and fled, the white outlaws promptly imitated their example. But close upon their heels trod the avenger, terribly vindicating his name and reputation.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SACRIFICE.

With a strength and activity that was little short of marvelous, the weird woman, still holding the half-senseless maiden in her arms, glided rapidly away from the spot where lay the still quivering form of Mat Mole. Turning aside from the plain trail, she breasted the steep incline, leaping from point to point with the activity and sure foot of a mountain goat, or lightly scaled the piles of broken rock, seemingly gifted with the powers of a cat, in more sense than one.

Abruptly she paused, allowing Minnie to sink to the cold rock beside her. Leaning upon the heavy staff that had stricken Mat Mole senseless, the weird woman stared fixedly before her, into the dense gloom.

Minnie stirred uneasily. The shock of her fall had, in a measure, broken the spell that had fallen over her mind. She stared wildly around. She could barely distinguish the form of her strange captor, and might possibly have taken it for another of the fantastic rock piles that stood upon every side, only for the words that dropped unconsciously from the weird woman's lips.

"Speak plainer—how can I understand when you whisper so low? It makes my head hurt—my brain whirl and dance and ring—yes, it rings now! I can hear the bell—Dolly wore it—my cow. That was before I died—when I was happy with him! Ah! why don't you speak clear—you are hissing like a snake and I see it now! A snake! see it crawl—it comes nearer—it touches me—it winds about me—ah! 'Tis a snake—slimy and hideous, but it wears his head—the devil who killed me! Down—down! Ha! ha! you creep in the dust—your head is bruised and bleeding—like my heart!"

The weird woman dealt fierce blows upon the rock with her staff, then sunk suddenly back, with a low moan of intense suffering, both hands pressed to her breast.

Minnie had been a terrified witness of her ravings, but there was such a tone of suffering in the last words that she forgot all else, and strove to comfort the weird woman.

"You are ill—can I help you?" she faltered.

There seemed a magic in the words. The woman's tremblings ceased, a low, grating cry broke from her lips and two bony hands clutched the maiden's shrinking figure, drawing her forcibly forward, until their faces nearly came in contact. The weird woman's eyes filled with a phosphorescent light that seemed to burn deep down into the terrified girl's brain.

"Now I understand—now I know what my good master meant! He says sacrifice—sacrifice! That is why he has sent you to me—I can read his sign stamped upon your forehead. It tells me that you must die. Come—don't

you hear him calling? He will be angry if I delay. And then he will put another queen over my head," muttered the weird woman, lifting Minnie to her feet.

"Mercy—mercy! I do not murder me! Spare me—I am too young to die!" moaned the terrified maiden.

"Too young—I was young once. Young, loved and fair to look upon. Yet I died—yes, I died—yes, I died! He killed me. He made me sleep first—where I had such bright, blissful dreams—where all seemed love and happiness—where his voice sounded like the softest music—his features those of an angel. Ah, had it only lasted—could we have only drifted on forever in that land of dreams! But that was not to be. Something broke the spell. The music was the chorus of drunken devils—and then his mask fell off—it was the horrible head of a serpent that I saw. And then I died—yes, I must have died, because I never saw him again—for whom I gave up my immortal soul. The serpent came instead—slimy and loathsome. And then—my head turns round and round and mixes the words all up. I can't tell what came next—only I know that he killed me. He struck me on the head—here—and the weird woman pressed Minnie's finger into a deep furrow upon her head. "That's what makes it so light. Sometimes I have to tie it down to the rocks, to keep it from flying way off up there—where the bright star shines. Those are the times that my master comes to me—and we go floating all over the world, noting down the names of his new slaves. 'Tis glorious sport! He talks plain, then, while now he only whispers—ha! you hear? He says sacrifice—sacrifice! I am a queen, but he is my master and I must obey his commands."

"'Tis only the wind that howls through the hills."

"Hal! hal! poor, silly fool—to think to deceive me—think you know not the difference between his voice and the muttering of the wind? No, no—ye want to escape me and make him angry—you think that he will make you queen of this land, over my head, then. But I say no, you must go when he calls."

With a low, grating laugh, the weird woman dragged the maiden forward a few steps, then paused, holding her erect with that wonderful strength so many maniacs are gifted with, despite Minnie's desperate struggles to free herself; and then, exhausted, the poor girl lay half senseless in the weird woman's vice-like grasp.

"Look! yonder is my master—he is waiting for you! See him floating in the air below us! That is a good sign. Cease your trembling—there is nothing to fear. He is in a good humor to-night—see him smile—he does not mean that you should die—he will catch you as you fall. Perhaps he has need of another queen—yes! see! he holds a crown for you. 'Tis smaller than mine—but that is just, since I am his favorite vassal. Do you see him? Answer me—I command you!"

"Mercy—have pity on me! I can see nothing, nothing but death!" moaned the poor girl.

"Then—but no—he motions for me to wait. The moon is just coming from under that black cloud. He means for me to wait until you can see what the future has in store. Stand up—he hates cowardly!" impatiently added the maniac, roughly shaking Minnie.

The dark cloud swept swiftly on. Its ragged edge grew brighter and brighter, until the broad silver moon moved majestically from behind the murky vail.

"Now, you can see—look, quick! he is growing impatient—he beckons—you must obey!" shrieked the weird woman, lifting Minnie by the shoulders clear of the rock, holding her at arm's-length over the frightful abyss.

They were upon a narrow point of rock that overhung an almost fathomless canon. A fall from this would be inevitable death. The breath of life would have departed the body long ago if it touched the jagged rocks below.

One terror-stricken glance did Minnie give, then closed her eyes in horror; almost unconsciously a prayer parted her lips.

"Mother in heaven! protect thy poor child!"

These simple words produced a strange effect upon the mad woman. The wild light faded from her eyes; the frenzied look abruptly fled from her wrinkled features, and with a gasping cry she tottered back from the dizzy verge, sinking to the rock beside the maiden.

"You have a mother—you pray to her?"

"My mother is dead; an angel in heaven," Minnie faltered, almost fearing to speak, though a wonderful change had come over the weird woman.

"I had a mother once, and she died; he told me that it was my bad conduct that broke her heart. She was good and pure and holy. Often when my brain is well, I wake up from a pleasant dream, and feel her warm kiss upon my brow, just as she placed it there when she bade me good-night. She didn't dream how wicked I was, or would have been her curse instead! And that night I stole away like a thief. I was a thief, for I robbed them of their earthly peace for all time to come! And I was called mother, too—a little angel; I don't remember why she left me. I was very kind to her. I would have died for her sake, and for his. But she went away; maybe mother called her. She thought I would teach her to be wicked like myself, perhaps."

There was something peculiarly touching in these words, uttered as they were in a subdued, mournful tone by that strange being, as she sat rocking to and fro, wringing her hands ceaselessly; and Minnie felt choking at her throat, as she mastered her terror sufficiently to say:

"As you loved your child, by the memory of the mother that loved you, I beg you have pity upon me; I never did you harm. I would like to be your friend, and help you if I could. Pray you let me return to my friends."

"Who are you that begs mercy of me?" abruptly interrupted the weird woman, springing to her feet, her eyes again filling with the fires of insanity. "Ha! I remember—you are the one whom my master demanded as a sacrifice! Come—he is all-powerful—he must be obeyed!" and she dragged Minnie forward to the edge of the rock, paying no heed to her broken sob and prayers for mercy.

The moon was again hidden behind a cloud, but the mad woman bent far forward, as though trying to pierce the intense gloom below. Then she rose erect, and passed one hand across her brow with an impatient gesture.

"I can see nothing—he is gone—there is only that hideous serpent writhing around, biting itself with its bruised, bloody head. Master! I am here, ready to obey your will. I will give way to no more foolish dreams of the dead past. Tell me what to do—ah, thanks, good master! I was afraid you were angered with me. See—here is the sacrifice you demanded—I send her to you—but the weird woman held Minnie high suspended above the abyss for a moment, without relaxing her iron grip.

"Hal! he shakes his head—he points toward the Enchanted Valley—he vanishes! What does he mean? He rejects the sacrifice—or wishes it at his home. That's it—at his home!" and laughing shrilly, the weird woman flung the helpless girl across her shoulder, and darted away from the spot, crossing the rough country with an ease and celerity fairly marvellous, avoiding the many pitfalls, as if by instinct.

Minnie was aroused from her stupor by the sound of shrill yells and rifle shots and as the mad woman dropped her to the rock, she caught a brief glimpse of the plain below. She recognized the white-tiled wagons, and knew that friends were almost within reach. She stretched out her arms with a pitiful cry for help, for the moment forgetting that the emigrants were in nearly as great peril as herself; and then, as the moon hid itself, the weird woman ceased her mad ravings, and again lifted the girl in her arms, pressing on with unabated speed, despite the distance she had already traversed.

Minnie took no note of the lapse of time, so utterly prostrated was she, both from bodily exhaustion and mental anxiety. At times, when the ground was more level, the mad woman set her upon her feet and half led, half dragged her along, never pausing after leaving the pinnacle above the attacked wagon-train until she reached the valley of the Boiling Spring, where the unfortunate trapper, Chavez, had met his death, some hours before.

The weird woman dragged Minnie up the peculiar curb that surrounded the spring, and then held her erect upon the edge. The peculiar vapor, the strange bubbling, hissing noise of the troubled water fairly aroused the maiden.

"Where am I—what has happened?" he murmured faintly, striving in vain to arise from the rude couch of leaves.

"You're in good han's, I reckon, an' I'll git along all right, if so be you' orders an' take things easy," promptly replied the stranger, appearing far more like a sane man than when he had last spoken.

"I only found you, swingin' twixt heaven an' earth on a pine branch. I don't reckon that was anyone else. You're all mixed up in the mind, I reckon—an' leetle wonder ater seen a fall as that. But thar—I most forgot. Stranger, on'y fer me, you'd 'a' died out yester. You was bleedin' fast—you couldn't 'a' lived a' hour longer, on'y I got you down, bring you hyar an' doctored up your hurts. You wouldn't lie to me, now, would ye?"

"I have nothing to conceal—why should I tell you a lie?"

"Now laugh at me! They all do that—they think it's fine fun to lie an' laugh at me, 'cause they think I'm crazy. But I ain't—sometimes I most wish I was; then mebbe I might ferget. But I can't—kin see everythin' that happened jest plain now as that black day. Thar—don't look at me so dub'ous like," and a dull, threatening glow began to fill the great eyes.

"What is it you want? It hurts me to speak—I am sore and aching all over," replied Frank, pettishly.

"Tell me whar he is—Zenas Kalloch?"

"I never heard the name before; I know no man who goes by that name," replied Maynard, after a moment's thought.

"Don't say that—don't, stranger! I tell ye I ain't crazy—I'm on'y Jet Cowles. Jest think how long I've hunted for him—lifetime—for years an' years, night an' day, never restin' or sleepin' or eatin'. Then don't tell me that—afer I've lotted so much on what you'd say when you woke up. Mebbe he's fooled you, too, with his soft tongue—mebbe you think he's your frien'. An' yit you've got a good face—it's like an honest man's face. You can't know what a wicked devil he is—but I'll tell ye. My brain's clear now—I kin see it all, jest as it come about."

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"I was married—Marie an' me, an' we was so happy—tell he came. He was better-looking in than me, an' he'd more book-larnin'. We all liked him. An' then—why don't you laugh, stranger? Ain't it fun to see a big cuss like me wi' tears in his eyes? But that—I can't tell it! Whenever I think o' that time, when we was all so happy an' contented, it makes a baby o' me."

"He stole her away from me," continued the man, in a harsh, strained voice. "Her an' the babby. I know that much—then Minnie went crack in my head. When I woke up, I was shut up in a big stone house, an' they said I was crazy. But I knew they lied—'twas som o' his doin's, to keep me from tearin' his black heart out. I waited a long time for him, but he didn't come. Then I set the house on fire an' run away. I had a dream that night, an' the good Lord told me he was up hyar in these parts. I can't find him now—I kin see it all, jest as it come about."

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Saturday Journal

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98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

OFF TO THE PLAINS!

The celebrated scout and writer, Buffalo Bill (Hon. Wm. F. Cody) and the noted ranger and guide, Texas Jack, (J. B. Omohundro) are off for the Buffalo Ranges and the Black Hills country, as convoys to a

Saturday Journal Expeditionary Corps, comprised of one of the publishers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL and of several of its most popular contributors of stories of Western, Border and Wilderness Life.

The expedition is one of combined exploration, adventure and field sport—in the benefits of which our readers will participate, both by the future contributions of Buffalo Bill and the gentlemen accompanying him, and by notes from the field which will be given from time to time.

Sunshine Papers.

What We Must Come To.

SOLOMON said, in his day, there was nothing new under the sun; but we cannot avoid speculation as to whether the merchants of that age had discovered the benefits accruing from extensive advertising. We are inclined to think not, and so overlook Solomon's mistake; for we could assure him, that in our time, wherein advertising is reduced to a fine art, something new under the sun, appealing through the taste, the smell, or the eye, to the pocket, is a daily occurrence that would startle us out of our modern stoicism were it to be honored once in the breach rather than the observance.

Fans, pocket-glasses, soaps, calendars, books, pictures, rules, cigar-cases, tablets, perfume, and a thousand and one little articles come in the shape of advertisements. Windows, shops, saloons, horses, men, women, fences, scenery, papers, deeds, are only large advertisements. Steamers, cars, hotels, offices, theaters, halls, churches are used chiefly as advertising me

diems. What? You take exception to some of my statements? Then let me review them and convince you that I understand whereof I write.

Who that has ever passed through the streets of a populous town has failed to learn the language of windows. Their display of dainties, their glitter and curiosities, and pictures, and placards, and goods ticketed "The Rage," "Choice," "Newest Style," "The Gem," are all advertisements of what may be found within. So those gorgeous curtains at that handsome house, those fairy screens of foamy lace, those snowy folds of fluted muslin, those soiled one-sided shades, those blinds all gilt and scarlet lines, and the ones next door painted in delicate soft tints, are all advertisements—advertisements of gilded sin, of fabulous wealth of woman's handiwork, of neglected homes, of vulgar display, of refined taste. Is there scarce a shop or saloon not filled with framed advertisements showy in coloring, lettering and gilt? And the horses, in town at least, do they not move with bells swinging upon their backs, advertising some clothing-house, bells under their necks, bearing the convenience of some car-route, bells girding their bodies, announcing Jones to be "The Great Five Dollar Hatter?" or in brass-studded harnesses proclaiming some safe manufactory, or does not their very power and light and size promulgate the merits of some flourishing brewery? Men advertise their tailor, their hatter, their habits; and women are walking advertisements for milliners, jewelers, drygoods merchants, hair importers and apothecaries. Fences are either claimed by right of "squatter sovereignty" or hired at such a square inch, and are blazoning with announcements of entertainments, sensational literature and merchandise. The highest buildings of our towns are crowned with signs, the rugged beauties of our rivers and mountains are covered with whitewash and paint advertising tonics, cosmetics, patent medicines and blackening. Man's every deed is an advertisement of his means, his profession, or his character.

No longer do we enter steamers, stages, and cars, pleasantly painted and adorned with pretty pictured panels. To be sure those pictures might not have displayed the highest perfection of art; they might even have been refused admission among our national art treasures; but they were generally decipherable, and on a day when the thermometer ranged at ninety-eight in the shade were restfully suggestive in their delineations of old mills, trout-streams and duck-ponds; at all events they were preferable to the triplex rows of "ads" meeting one's gaze, the prominent ones being of cooking-stoves and hot-air furnaces. In hotels and offices advertisements cannot be shut out, because this one was sent by a patron, and that by a useful acquaintance, and another by a creditor. In theaters and halls advertising sheets give the programme of the entertainment, musical instruments are announced as such and such, a manufacturer's fashions and castes, faces and talents, and popular tastes and sympathies are proclaimed. As for our churches, do they not advertise that consideration, friendship, notice, are gifts bestowed only on those who can claim them by right of notoriety, display, or money? Do they not advertise the old-time creeds obsolete, and that popularity and gold can buy condonation of all offenses? Do not their costly walls, their gilded altars, their haughty patrons, advertise that humility, poverty, wretchedness, have no place in them?

An architect advertises his business by presenting an elegant pulpit to a new church, a publisher by donating books to some public library, a lawyer by giving his services in some criminal trial. The daily papers advertise everything, the secular weeklies a few matters, and the religious weeklies a very great

deal that had better be left out. Some people's ideas of the dignity of religion and the eternal fitness of things may not be elevated by reading a thrilling sermon, followed by an enthusiastic theological editorial, upon one page, and advertisements of patent mustard lotions, exixirs that claim to prolong life beyond the bounds of anything mortal, and lottery schemes in the line of building-lots, upon the next.

If this advertising mania continues, we may well reconcile ourselves to it in the way of making a virtue of necessity, and let the fronts of our houses, and the surface of our garments, to enterprise agents, and turn ourselves into a walking alphabet as soon as possible, for there seems no hope for us.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

AIMLESS LIVES.

I HAVE seen some folks whose lives seemed to consist of nothing more than eating three meals a day and going to sleep, and I have thought to myself, if any people had aimless lives, they might surely be put in the category, for what were their lives worth to themselves or to any one else around them? They were so idle that they couldn't very well be used, and I am pretty sure an idle individual is not ornamental.

Some folks live only to dress and make a show of themselves, and if they cannot have this thing or that, or what a pucker they put themselves into! I often think that such personages are really afraid to die; not on account of their unworthiness to walk the streets of the Heavenly city, but because they fear their grave-clothes may not be of the most approved pattern or not as stylishly cut as they would like. For my part, I wonder what they'll do when they get to heaven—if they ever do get there—where fashions are unknown? The reading of fashion magazine all day, or shopping, or wondering what the newest styles will be, "and if that odious Miss Skinner will get that new pattern of silk before I have a chance to see it;" then a round of balls, parties, soirees or kettledrums, late hours for going to bed attended upon by late hours for arising—time frittered away. Ugh! What aimless lives!

Not long since I read the account of the death of a lady—the death was caused by dancing too excessively—who left orders, etc her demise, that she should be laid out in her ball-dress, have her hair dressed in the latest style and her head turned on one side to show how fashionably her locks were arranged. I could almost know by that how full her life had been of vanity. I could have preached the sermon over that woman's body, and it wouldn't have taken me five minutes, either. I could have expressed everything necessary in the three words, "An aimless life."

"The ruling passion" is "strong in death," and those who have had nothing but their own personal adornment to look after in life will not be very particular to care for anything else when death draws nigh. God intrusts us all with talents, but there are few of us who seem to be aware of that fact, by the bad use we make of them.

I know of people who are apt to sit with idle hands and then remark with a yawn that "life is a dreary thing, and there is nothing to do."

Nothing to do? What a shame to make such a remark as that, when this world is so full of work, work that is waiting for some one to take hold of and accomplish! If you mope idly at home, I don't wonder that time hangs heavy on your hands and existence seems dull to you. Spur up and stir about, and you'll find enough to accomplish! Be busy, and you'll be happier than if you lolled away your hours and droned away your life in idleness. Have some purpose before you; let your aim be for something high, good and noble, and don't you stop until you have arrived at the consummation of your wishes and desires.

I've just been telling Grandma Lawless about some of those people who live aimless lives and who get sick of doing nothing, and then complain that there is nothing to do.

"Patience sakes alive!" answers grandma; "what would be the use of any one's living if there was nothing to do, and while there is so much to be done isn't it more like a heathen and less like a Christian to leave it undone?"

I consider grandma to be right, and if she is somewhat old-fashioned in her ideas, I like her all the more for being so. Perhaps Bessie says: "Since you are so fond of giving advice and telling us that we ought to do something, maybe you'll be good enough to tell us what we ought to do."

I'll do, Bessie, with the greatest of pleasure. First and foremost, be useful; give a helping hand, and a cheerful word to those who are in need of such kindnesses. Because a person is wayward and wild, don't think he or she is all bad, or that there is not one bit of a chance for reformation, and so think the responsibility is off your shoulders. It is this idea—imagining folks are too bad to be bettered—that fills the world with so many depraved creatures. Can't you find some hungry mouths to feed, some tattered beings to clothe, some souls thirsting for human love and kindness? Is there not some invalid who would gladly welcome you as a watcher by her couch? Is there not some one who is going down-hill, in character, that you can talk to, advise and help to win back to the paths of purity and virtue? Can't you spare a little of the loose change you spend in bon-bons and caramels to give to some one who could buy many loaves of bread for the same amount of money? Perhaps this very bread would save a fellow-creature's life from starvation. What can you do, darling Bessie? Do anything—that is—than lead an aimless life!

EVE LAWLESS.

As a general thing, the clever fellows make their way through the world and ingratiate themselves into society easily. There's a certain careless way they possess, and a devil-may-care ease about them, that finds favor among those with whom they come in contact. They seem to be allowed the largest liberty to say and to do whatever they please, and it is overlooked, because they are such "clever fellows." They impose on this liberty sometimes to too great an extent, making sport of others' infirmities, and light of many griefs, which should be held sacred. You may give them a gentle hint as to the impropriety of such actions, and the answer you will get will be something like the following:

"Oh, phshaw! you mustn't mind anything I say. I don't mean half what I utter, and sometimes I scarcely know what I do say. When conversation lags, a fellow must say something. Why, I am one of the cleverest fellows living—wouldn't harm a flea."

Oftentimes this very carelessness in speaking gives rise to a great deal of trouble and annoyance. One of these clever fellows once

visited a young lady, and, in the course of conversation with her, stated that he had just left a friend of hers, who possessed her picture, and who showed it around rather freely—guessed he was going to give it away—thought it was something like that.

The young lady was indignant—can we blame her?—and thought very little of the person who possessed her picture after that.

She could not read the clever fellow thoroughly, as some others could do. She believed what he said—for it was not in her nature to believe a person would be so mean as to give utterance to words so untrue.

But this clever fellow consoled himself with the thought that he was only in jest—he wasn't manly enough to tell her so—and he didn't mean any harm. Mean it or not, he did a great deal; he severed a long existing friendship, and estranged two who had been the sincerest of friends.

But, what do these clever fellows care if they do cause estrangements? Not an atom! They seem to live and thrive just as well. Maybe they feed on their own conceit, but it is scarcely the sort of palatable diet to be recommended.

The generality of clever fellows could be taught many a lesson in politeness, and they ought to know—if they are not already aware of the fact—that all persons are not constituted alike, and that many individuals possess extremely sensitive organizations, and that words spoken in jest are often taken as solemn truths. To these beings a jeering word or flippant speech cut deeper and sharper than the keenest tempered sword. In such cases, it is not just as well to weigh our words before we give utterance to them?

We may think it remarkably clever to speak lightly of others' infirmities, defects, shortcomings, foibles or follies; but it is more often a lack of good feeling, a want of a kindly heart, and a breach of good manners. To say that a man is a clever fellow should imply—as it does not now—a good fellow. F. S. F.

THE CHARM OF YOUTH.

THERE is a nameless charm which youth alone possesses—a glory and a grace infolding it—a dazzling halo, an enchanted atmosphere that enwraps it, and through whose golden mist is viewed the world. All things are taken for granted. What is fair to the sight is looked upon and believed in, with never a doubt, never a fear. Calm skies, and deeply blue, with scarce one flitting, fleecy cloud; and sunshine, sunshine, everywhere! And oh! the flowers that blossom thick and sweet—culled by careless hands, crushed by light footsteps! Ye bloom but once, fair, fragrant flowers! So trusting is youth—it will not question what it wishes true—will not see a fault, but rather finds it a virtue to adore. Upon the site of ruined towers it rears airy castles high—secure and firm they stand, though their foundation be but shifting sand. No beating storm, no tempest's shock shall touch these glittering walls! Is not the *sunshine everywhere!* Free, and light of heart, untouched even by the shadow of care, youth dreams not that these halcyon days can ever have an ending.

To soon, too soon they pass; and where those fair blossoms grew, spring sharp thorns thick and fast. Where are the forms of truth and loveliness, once wildly worshipped? Where the statue of Faith, fair, pure, and holy? And Hope, the beautiful one, hath she lied in the earth forever? Make answer, heart, that hath borne so many a woe thou scarce canst brook aright! Make answer, Life, whose morning was so fair—whose early promises lie wrecked upon far-off shore! Oh! Youth, whose presence was so fair, whose memory we still fondly cherish, no sharper pang can touch our hearts than this—to know that thou art lost to us forever!

Foolscap Papers.

Whitehorn's Boarding-house.

This is to certify to all homeless and hungry people that I am about to establish a boarding-house in this city, which will be conducted purely on the *E pluribus Americanus* plan, but not so much as to offend the man of to-day.

It is to be a plain, simple, comfortable house.

Single rooms will be given to single gentlemen, and double rooms to double gentlemen.

Guests desiring a room next to the one occupied by the boarder who plays on the accordion can have the same by applying to me and paying a little extra therefor, for I can't afford to furnish my guests with music all night for nothing. I should like for as many musicians to board here as possible, because it makes everything so lively.

Especial inducements offered to families with numerous children, since there is nothing so cheering to the weary boarder as little footsteps on the floors and large tumbles on the stairs.

A large gong will be placed at the head of each bed with wires running to the office where every gong in the house will be sounded at once, and thereby every boarder will be saved the trouble of waking himself up in the mornings. No extra charge.

Imitation bars of soap will be on every wash-

stand in the house, and if the soap doesn't froth the boarders are not expected to foam.

Every advantage will be afforded for boarders to leave who don't pay their bills. Old boots will not be taken in exchange for board, as this is not a lumber-yard.

If boarders desire anything all they will have to do will be to ring the bell, and if it isn't answered they can ring again. It don't cost anything in this house to ring the bell all day.

This house will be conducted on truly temperance principles, so that it well deserves to be called an inn-temperate—I mean a temperate inn.

Boarders are expected to change references with the proprietor—if their references will be of more use to him than the one he has of his own. In no case will he exchange for a worse one.

All references must certify that the bearers have not been in the legislature or the penitentiary more than one year. That they have never been hung, and that they have never committed suicide unless under exceedingly provoking circumstances.

People with extra good teeth are requested to stop stopping here, but those with small appetites will please stop and be stoppers.

The board at this house will depend much on the weather, and therefore will be weather-boarding.

We don't want any bore-ders; they will be pitched over-board.

As the consequences of overeating are terrible, and much more calamitous than no eating at all, the diet on this table will be light, because I don't want any sick boarders about

the house on my account when I can avoid it.

Real imitation butter will be on this table every day, and ornamental hash in all its variations.

Boarders turning their noses up at the board will have their noses turned down with a board immediately.

Last night's sheets will not be this morning's tablecloths at this house.

No other boarding-house can vie with our viands and when I say that our hash cannot beat you can bet there is something in it.

All lodgers here will have to tell what lodges they belong to.

Boarders will be expected to take their coffee with a few grains allowance, and all the spoons will be chained to the table—no reflection upon the honesty of the guests but as a safeguard to the spoons.

Beds will be made up every week, unless boarders especially request that they be let alone for a longer period, and all complaints that there are not bedbugs enough will have special attention.

No injury will be allowed to be done to musketees, as it has been proven that these human insects destroy smaller mites which would otherwise be in the air, and make life a burden.

The stair-railing will be spiked to prevent gentle boarders from sliding down to break fast, or up again.

Married couples are requested to bring their mother-in-law along, as they make everything more lively about the house, and I want my guests here to have every comfort of a home.

Free sidewalk runs to all the trains, and this house is situated within walking distance of the post-office.

Being the man who originally kept tavern in Indiana, it can be seen that I am competent to teach even to a large class of landlords and then have enough knowledge of the business to let carry on the best boarding-house in the State.

What can't be found on my table can be found at a neighboring dining-hall.

Terms moderate: only one dollar a day and one dollar a night. One dollar and a half a week or by the month fifty cents.

Meals between times will be charged something extra, although they will be nothing extra, in reality.

Rooms in attic will be correspondingly high. Half-f

INDECISION.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

Indecision! Ay, that's the quicksand
Of man's character, and life itself!
Trembles on the treacherous foundation,
Shows its base, its deeper, deeper,
Into its hollow vastness all naught
But a gigantic effort of will can
Extricate the almost nerveless frame.
It is the parent of hydra-headed Sloth,
Whose fangs, at first, paralyze the craven will,
Then it draws its poison to the length
Into the festering wound.

Once firmly fixed
It throws out its poison, till the whole
Being becomes one putrid, worthless
Mass. Man, God's masterpiece, is leveled
By his influence; the scale of groveling,
Grovelling, creeps over him; the world
Grows flat, its subjects number legion;
Oh, man, arouse! Shake off the coils.
Arouse! no longer be a football
For our workers. Realize thy full talents;
Use them, they are well-nigh rusted.
To the heart! Awake! no longer hold
The life-reins in a listless grasp!
Awake! the energetic man is nearing;
Ere you are aware he'll snatch
The reins; then off, like the wind,
In fleetness.

Thy aim now? What is it?
Where is it? There! Hard after it!
Pursue it; keep on! Ah, now you
Are there? Revers'd: "Can I see no becomes
I can. Good! that's the stepping-stone
To success! Fly! upon your lifeless manhood!
I'd rather tear my heart from out my body
And lay it, a quivering mass,
At my feet, than become the victim
Of sloth-formed, brain and body ruining
Indecision!

Was it a Curse?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I DON'T care to hear anything more on the subject, Mrs. Flannagan. I have only to repeat what I said—if you don't pay up all arrears of rent before this time to-morrow, you will leave the rooms you occupy before sunset."

It was a clear, good voice that spoke, with that in it that could melt into tenderest wistfulness, when Crawford Leslie so willed; a fine, handsome face, brilliant, intellectual, refined, with deep, earnest eyes, that at times had a way of obeying their possessor's will, and playing sad havoc with women's hearts.

Just now, however, there was no trace of tenderness in the tone, or sign of softness in the dark, cold eyes—eyes that had only last night made Ida Ivan's blood tingle in every vein, as they looked squarely into her own, and never swerved in their magnetic glance, while Crawford Leslie waited for her to say what he intended she should say—"yes" to a question he had asked of woman for the first time in all his life—his life spent in studying women's hearts, and breaking them, until his own was conquered by the sweetest blue eyes that ever glimmered under darkest golden lashes—until Ida Ivan, belle of a brilliant season, and heiress in her own right, had taught him he had a heart.

And now, this fearfully cold, blustering morning, wrapped in his elegant Astrachan overcoat, his handsome face and form displayed to best advantage by the rich fur wrappings, it seemed as if, after all, he had no heart, as he stood in the shabby little kitchen, and listened relentlessly to the Irish tenant's excuse.

It was then, after the woman had exhausted all her entreaties for delay, that Mr. Leslie, burying his hands still deeper in his warm pockets, turned to leave the room, with the cold, cruel words on his lips already quoted.

The woman's face blanched at the language, the decided air with which it was said.

"Surely, yer hon'rl never turn us out o' doors in this awful weather, wid the wind a blowin' and howlin', and the ground fate dape in snow! Indade and it's not yer honor as wud do it."

"There's no need of any blarneying, Mrs. Flannagan. I am a man of my word. Pay the quarter's rent that you owe me by ten o'clock to-morrow, and stay. Don't pay it—and go!"

"And how can I pay yees, Misther Leslie, whin thin I works for don't pay me? If yees was to hang me this nixt blissid minit, I cud dent raise half o' the thirty dollars I owes yees!"

Leslie turned away, bored by the interview.

"Well—you know your own business. It's only an accident that brings me here this morning, but my agent had orders to tell you what I have told you."

But Mrs. Flannagan followed him persistently to the door.

"But yer hon'rl not put me out! me and the ould man who's niver set foot outside these three years wid the awful swellin' in his hip? Give me a while longer—I'll pay it—ivry cent!"

A sharp look of almost wrath went over his steely face.

"Pay or go—and not another word on the subject."

And he strode away into the biting January air that was powerless to nip him under his costly furs.

"Confound the old harridan. As if a landlord is going to wait every laizy woman's pleasure! If every tenant were lazy to their own sweet will, I wonder what I would be obliged to do?"

But the wrathful look died out of his eyes as he walked along, leaving the wretched streets lined with the tenement houses, whose landlords, like himself, grew rich off their miserable tenants; as he neared the great thoroughfares, where fashion and business surged along.

He went leisurely along, a proud, handsome man, well satisfied with himself and all the world, and especially when he dwelt upon the fact of having won—easily, he said to himself, with a self assured smile—the fair woman at whose feet other hearts had been reverently laid, at whose hands other hearts had been gently returned.

He was thinking of her now, with a thrill of passionate gladness, and deciding whether a diamond or a plain gold ring were best for their betrothal sign; planning golden vistas of future happiness, undimmed by cloud.

And the while, crouching over her scanty fires, with her tattered shawl drawn tightly over her shoulders, the Irishwoman rocked to and fro, in slow, dreary monotony.

"Go yer ways, me foing gentleman! go yer ways wid yer pockets stuffed wid money, and yer gold and yer di'mon's-a-shinin' eat yer soft, and aw'ay in yer bed—if ye can, wid the curses of the poor, lorn, cold, starvin' woman a-hearin' on yer head! Yis—curses! curses that ye'll feel worse 'n the cold and the shrtom me and me ould man 'll feel when we're turned out o' doors the morrow!"

A low, piteous wail came distinctly up through the open register, and Ida Ivan raised her eyes from her book, with a quick, inquiring, listening look.

"Did you hear that, auntie? Certainly some one is crying."

Mrs. Ivan listened a moment carelessly.

"I hear nothing, dear. Go on with the poem; I think Holland never was read as you can read him."

A delicious little flush of pleasure surged over the girl's white cheeks—such exquisitely pale cheeks, that had not the least suggestion of ill health on them, despite their pearly fairness.

"I must be a reader of unusual ability ineed, if I can add the least charm to the 'Mistress of the Manor.' I—There! didn't you hear that sob?"

Her sweet face was all seriousness now, and she arose, laid down her book, and rung the dainty blue-silk-tasseled bell.

One could see how wondrous fair she was, how lily-like and graceful, as she trailed her pale-blue skirt over the carpet—her every motion queenly and composed.

Mrs. Ivan watched her across the floor and back, with a half-expectant look in her eyes.

"I do hope, Ida, your philanthropy has not taken a fresh alarn at the sound of a beggar crying in the kitchen. Last week it was a boy with his foot hurt that cost you so many tears and ten dollars; yesterday a colored woman with a miserable young one with the maramas that excited your sympathy and an order for unlimited attention from young Dr. Boynton. And now—"

Ida laughed—the sweetest, merriest little music; then her tender eyes grew grave and thoughtful.

"You make my little charities seem ridiculous by mentioning them, auntie; but, all the same, I shall try to do all I can with the wealth I have."

Then, to the maid who answered the summons she had given:

"Is anything the matter, Annie? Isn't some one in distress down-stairs?"

The girl dropped a courtesy.

"Indeed there is, Miss Ida—a decent, hard-working woman, too, that's often helped us with the house-cleanin' and the fine ironin' when we're uncommon busy. It's Bridget Flannagan, Miss Ida."

Mrs. Ivan listened attentively, while Mrs. Ivan looked on, half annoyed, half amused, at Ida's earnestness.

"The Irishwoman with the lame husband? oh, know. What's the trouble now, Annie?"

"It's the hard times she's complainin' of, Miss Ida. She's got no money, she says, and Pat lyn' helpless, and the coal's most gone, and their landlord's warned 'em out to tomorrow, unless the last quarter's rent's paid by ten o'clock."

Ida's eyes dilated with horror.

"Turn them out—in this weather! Is the man a brute, or worse? And Pat can't walk a step! Why, auntie!"—and she turned to Mrs. Ivan excitedly—"it's dreadful! Surely won't you think this an opportunity for me?"

Mrs. Ivan shrugged her shoulders.

"Y-e-s," doubtfully. "And yet, if you were to attempt to pay the arrears of all the rents in this city, you would need—"

Ida quietly stopped her.

"But I do not. And I do mean to pay Mrs. Flannagan's, Annie," and she turned her sweet, almost inspired face to the girl, "I will send the money by you, if you will accompany Bridget home; and bring me a receipt in full from whoever is authorized to collect it. You understand?"

As she spoke, she took five ten dollar bills from her desk.

"If anything is needed, see it is got, and tomorrow I will drive around myself." And she resumed the "Mistress of the Mans" in her sweet, flute-like tones, as tranquilly as ever.

But Mrs. Ivan saw a gleam of indignation in her blue eyes, and smiled lazily at the girl's sad interest in the misery and poverty that existed around them.

The gas in the elegant drawing-room was turned down just enough to make the apartment look like an enchanted spot, with its light, gorgeously-tinted Aubusson carpet, its gleaming statuary, its frowning bronzes, its wreathing vines in the immense bay-windows, and the distractingly beautiful glimpses of the large conservatory beyond, whose glass doors stand wide open, admitting a warm, delicious perfume, the tinkle of fountains, the trickle of water over rockeries, the sight of mellow lights, gleaming in grand glass globes. Crawford Leslie enjoyed it immensely, as he walked slowly from one end of the room to another, while he waited for Ida to descend from her room to meet him—this, the first time since she had promised to be his wife—this, the time when, in pride and satisfaction, he would place on her finger the diamond ring that was lying, an imprisoned light, in the little blue velvet casket in his vest pocket.

Yes, Ida's was a beautiful home, and he was glad he had won it, with her. Ida herself was a jewel—of the purest water; and he, too, he stroked his Dundreary whiskers complacently, with one white, aristocratic hand, and thought there was no living woman who would have refused him—rich, handsome, exactly as he was.

Overhead, in the grand hallway, he heard the rustling of a silk train; firm, light footfalls; a sweet, dainty odor that always heralded Ida Ivan's presence; and then her love herself, radiant in her fresh young beauty of health and happiness.

He came eagerly forward to meet her—this man who was ordinarily so *ennuye* in most delightful society.

"My darling! I almost shiver lest you have regretted your promise last night. You haven't—have you?"

His voice so unused to pleading, was yet full of passion that made the girl thrill to the heart, even while she only smiled and extended her hand.

"Do you know of any reason why I should regret it? and regretting, retract it?"

He looked at her almost fearfully. Her face was so calm—so unlike what it was when she had looked at him twenty-four hours before.

"I know of a reason? Ida, what do you mean?"

Then, a pained, almost sorry look crept into her eyes.

"I mean there is a reason, Mr. Leslie, why I cannot fulfill my engagement with you. I learned only this morning the true nature of your character—found I had providentially escaped being more intimately associated with one whose views and disposition are so unsuited to mine."

She spoke very calmly, but her slight frame trembled with emotion. It had been no small thing for her to dethrone her idol—her first young love; but she was brave, and decided, and sensible, and carried the day.

She stood there, in all her beauty, and he listened in bewildered dumbness to the words that slowly, surely, shut him out of the greatest happiness of his selfish life. Then—

"I cannot comprehend. What have I done, or left undone?"

"It wasn't his fault," cut in Judith. "I

His lips were white—he loved her despite his selfishness.

"Only this," she said, sadly, as if she had spoken of a dear, dead friend; and she handed him a slip of paper, watching him as he read it, with a mute anguish in her eyes that fought the mastery, and was defeated by a brave courage. It was a receipt for thirty dollars, and read:

"Received of Miss Ida Ivan, per Annie Carlile, thirty dollars in full for one quarter's rent, pre-

paid."

JAMES CLINTON, Agent, for Crawford Leslie."

A dull red flush spread like a quilt over his face.

"Well?"

He said it half defiantly.

"Is it well?" she returned, quietly. "Is it a good thing to harass the poor, and turn them homeless and homeless into the cold, wintry streets? Is it well to drive a lame sick man where death surely awaits him? Is it well, with thousands of dollars lying idly in the bank, for a man, made in God's own image, to do as you have done?"

His pride, shame and love had a conflict while she spoke.

"So Mrs. Flannagan has been to see you? I need certainly have no thought or care if her influence is so far superior to mine."

"Right is superior to wrong anywhere, Mr. Leslie, and certainly you need have no thought or care—of me again. I could never put my hand in yours for life guidance after this. It may be a trivial matter to you, but straws show which way the wind blows."

He felt his heart throb against the diamond in his pocket; he saw the girl's pure, decided face; he fairly grit his teeth in the keen pain of the moment, and then, like a scathing memory, he remembered the bitter entreaties he had turned a deaf ear to, that very morning—that he little recked decided his fate for this life.

And though he had not heard the woful curse that the woman had breathed upon him, from a heart throbbing with pain and trouble, still who is there who dare say the curse did not come home to him in agonizing fulfillment, as he walked forth from Ida Ivan's presence, never to enter it again?

Victoria:
THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE OLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

BARBARA'S BRIDAL EVE.

"WHERE is Barbara?"

Mr. Sweet was the speaker, and Mr. Sweet was leaning in Barbara's favorite position on the mantel, beating an impatient tattoo on its smoky ledge, and looking down on old Judith, who sat very bleareyed and very grimy with smoke, on her creepy on the hearth. Breakfast was just over in the cottage, for a quantity of very sloppy earthenware strewed the wooden table.

"Where is Barbara?" repeated Mr. Sweet, as Judith's only reply was to blink and look at him with a cute smile.

"In her own room! Ah! you've done it at last, sir!"

"Done what?"

"What you always said you would do—make her marry you."

"She hasn't married me yet, that I know of."

"No, sir; no, of course not; but she's coming—coming—to it fast."

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Sweet, I ain't blind, though my old eyes are red and watery with smoke, and I saw you coming up from the beach last night, and ah! who was sweet upon her, you was, Mr. Sweet!"

"Well?"

To this query Old Judith only grinned in answer; and Mr. Sweet relaxed into a smile himself.

"Your are quite right," said he, pulling out his watch and glancing at it. "She has promised to marry me."

"I always knew it!" cried Judith, rubbing her hands in glee—"I always said it! Nobody could ever hold out long against you, Mr. Sweet, you have the winningest ways with you! Ah! she has come to luck, has my handsome granddaughter!"

"It is a pity your handsome granddaughter is not of the same opinion as her amia grandmother. When can I see her?"

"Directly, sir. I will go and tell her; but first—it's no use asking her, for she never tells me anything—when is it going to be?"

"When is what going to be?"

"The wedding."

"That is precisely what I want to know. That is why I have made such an early call on your handsome granddaughter this morning."

think. What in the world has brought you out such a nasty night?"

"I have come to see Colonel Shirley," said Barbara, entering. "Is he at home?"

She had scarcely spoken before that day, and her voice seemed strange and unnatural even to herself. Mrs. Wilder started as she heard it, and gave a little scream as she took another look at Barbara's face.

"What on hearth!" said Mrs. Wilder, who, when flustered, had a free-and-easy way of taking up and dropping her "h's" at pleasure. "What on hearth hats you, my dear! You look like a ghost—don't she, Johnson?"

"Uncommon like I should say!" remarked Mr. Johnson. "Been sick, Miss Black?"

"No!" said Barbara, impatiently. "I want to see Colonel Shirley. Will you have the goodness, Mrs. Wilder, to tell him Barbara Black is here, and wishes particularly to see him?"

"Oh, yes, I'll tell him! Come along up stairs. I was just going into the drawing-room with these candlesticks, any way. 'Ere, just step into the dining-room, and I'll let him know."

Barbara stepped into the blaze of light filling the spacious dining-room from a huge chandelier, where gods and goddesses played hide-and-seek in a forest of frosted silver; where a long table flashed with cut-glass, and porcelain, and silver-plate, and bouquets of hot-house exotics, in splendid vases of purple spar and snowy alabaster; where a carved oak-paneled sideboard was loaded with wine and dessert, and where the walls were brilliant with pictures of the chase and banqueting scenes. It was all so gloriously bright and dazzling, that Barbara was half blinded for a moment; but she only looked quietly round, and thought of the smoky kitchen, and the bare deal table, with the brown bread and beef at home. She could hear voices in the blue drawing-room (which was only separated from the one she was in by a curtained arch), and the echo of gay laughter, and then the curtain was lifted, and Colonel Shirley appeared, his whole face lit with an eager smile of welcome, and both his friendly hands extended.

"My good little Barbara! my dear little Barbara! and so you have come to see us at last!"

She let him take both her hands in his; but as he clasped them, the glad smile faded from his animated face, and gave place to one of astonishment and concern. For the beautiful face was so haggard and worn, so wasted and pale; the smooth white brow furrowed by deep lines of suffering; the eyes so unnaturally, so feverishly bright; the hands so wan and icily cold, that he might well look in surprised consternation.

"My dear little Barbara!" he said, in wonder and in sorrow; "what is the meaning of all this? Have you been ill?"

"No, sir!"

"Your very voice is changed! Barbara, what is the matter?"

"Nothing!"

"Something, I think! Sit down here and tell me what it is."

He drew up an easy-chair and placed her in it, taking one opposite, and looking anxiously into the wasted and worn face.

"Barbara, Barbara! something is wrong—very much is wrong! Will you not tell an old friend what has changed you like this?"

"No!" she said, looking with her lustrous eyes straight into his.

He sat silent, watching her with grave pitying tenderness, then:

"Why have you not been to see us before, Barbara?"

"I did not wish to," said Barbara, whose innate uprightness and indomitable pride made her always speak the straightforward truth.

"Do you know that Vivia sent for you almost every day?"

"Yes!"

"Why did you not come?"

"I did not wish to."

"Do you know that my daughter and I went to your cottage the day after our return to see you?"

"Yes!"

"We did not see you; your grandmother said you were ill. What was the matter?"

"I was not ill, but I could not see you."

More perplexed than ever, the colonel looked at her, wondered what mystery was behind all this to have changed her so.

"I have heard, Barbara," he said, after a pause, "that you are going to be married. Is it true?"

"It is."

"And to Mr. Sweet?"

"To Mr. Sweet!" she said, calmly; but with the feverish fire still streaming from her eyes.

His only answer was to take her hand again in both his own, and look at her in a way he sometimes looked at his own daughter of late—half sadly, half gayly, half tenderly. Barbara was looking at him, too. There was something so grand in the man's face, something so noble in his broad, serene brow; something so genial in his blue eye, shining with the blared fire of man and tenderness of woman; something so sweet and strong in the handsome, smiling mouth, something so protecting in the clasp of the firm hand; something so infinitely good and great in the upright bearing of figure, and kind voice, that Barbara's heart broke out into a great cry, and clinging to the strong arm as if it were her last hope, she dropped down on her knees at his feet, and covered his hand with passionate kisses.

"Oh, my friend! my friend!" she cried "you who are so noble, and so good, who have been kind and tender to me always, and whom I love and revere more than all the world besides, I could not do it until I had heard you say one kind word to me again! I could not sell my soul to perdition, until I had knelt at your feet, and told you how much I thank you, how much I love you, and now, if I dared, I would pray for you for all the rest of my life! Oh, I am the wickedest and basest wretch on God's earth! but if there is anything in this world that could have redeemed me, and made me what I once was, what I never will be again, it is the memory of you and your goodness—you, for whose sake I could die."

She sank lower down, her face and his hand all blotted with the rain of tears; and quite beside himself with consternation, the Indian officer strove to raise her up.

"Barbara, my dear child, for Heaven's sake, rise! Tell me, I beg of you, what you mean!"

"No, no, I cannot! I dare not! but if in the time to come, the miserable time to come, you hear me spoken of as something not fit to name, you will think there is one spot in my wretched heart free from guilt, where your memory will be ever cherished! Try and think of me at my best, no matter what people may say!"

Before he could speak, the door opened, and Barbara leaped to her feet with a rebound. A fairy figure, in a splendid dinner toilet, with jewels flashing on the neck and arms, and a circlet of gems clasping back the flowing curly

came in with a delighted little cry of girlish delight.

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara! how glad I am to see you!"

But Barbara recoiled and held out both arms with a gesture of such unnatural terror and repulsion, that the shining figure stopped and looked at her in speechless amaze; and then before either she or her father could speak, or intercept her, she was across the room, out of the door, through the hall, down the stairs, and out into the wet, black night again. Mr. Peter Black had long retired to seek the balmy before his daughter got home; Judith was sitting up for her, very cross and sleepy in her corner; and Mr. Sweet was there, too, walking up and down the room, feverishly impatient and anxious.

Barbara came in soaking wet, and without looking or speaking to either of them, walked straight to her room. The bridegroom sought his own home, with an anxious heart; and the happy bride sat by her window the whole livelong night!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

The Flying Yankee; OR, THE OCEAN OUTCAST.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE OF 1812.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER XVI. THE GRAND PRIZE.

TOWARD nightfall of the day following the meeting with the Flying Yankee, the Vulture sighted the coast of Florida, and a few hours after glided slowly into the mouth of the St. John's river, where she came to anchor close under the shadows of the foliage-clad banks.

Calvin Bernard was then sent off in the largest cutter, with a picked crew well armed, to reconnoiter and discover the whereabouts of the British vessel-of-war, for none doubted but that the words of the Flying Yankee would prove true.

Midnight came, and the returning boat was observed approaching through the gloom with rapid stroke, and springing to the deck, Calvin Bernard informed his superior officers that a British vessel, as well as he could judge, a large, square rigger, carrying forty guns and a full crew, was lying moored to the river bank, some six miles above, while her men were encamped upon the shore near by.

"I should think she was undergoing a thorough overhauling," continued the lieutenant.

"For all of her crew appeared to be ashore, assembled around their camp-fires, and I noticed that her mizzenmast had been shot away and her bulwarks seriously shattered, for I was within a cable's length of her, and the camp-fires cast a ruddy light upon her hull."

"She is wholly unsuspecting then of our presence?" said Captain Ainslie.

"Yes; it must be so, and can be taken by surprise; otherwise it would be madness to attempt to attack a vessel so very much our superior as—God bless us! see there!"

All turned quickly at the sudden exclamation of the young lieutenant, and beheld almost upon them, and sweeping by before a stiff breeze, the Flying Yankee, still carrying a press of canvas and enveloped in the misty halo that appeared to pervade her everywhere from topmast to deck.

Ere a word could be said the same form, before seen, sprang into the main shrouds, and his clear voice hailed:

"Ahoy! the Vulture."

"Ahoy!" cried Commodore Cutting.

"Would you take the Englishman, get at once under weigh; go silently to quarters, double-shot your guns, and follow me," came a press of canvas and enveloped in the misty halo that appeared to pervade her everywhere from topmast to deck.

The strange-looking vessel first appeared to us," said Sir Macy, in his interview with Commodore Cutting, "in the heat of battle, and her guns were fired with the greatest precision; so much so, in fact, that I poured upon her several broadsides, although severely pressed at the time by one of your large cruisers.

"Apparently my aim was bad, for the schooner remained unhurt, and as she disappeared in the smoke of battle shortly after, I forgot about her until the action was over, and then nowhere could she be seen.

"I put in here for repairs, for I sadly needed them, and the schooner must have dogged in my wake, as you say it was from her you gained the information regarding my whereabouts."

"Your crew, I see, stand in terrible fear of the Flying Yankee," said Alden Ainslie.

"Yes, captain; they look upon her with holy awe, for strange rumors regarding her mysterious movements and appearance were float in England before we left, and all they have seen here goes to strengthen their belief in the supernatural powers of the Flying Yankee."

"I put in here for repairs, for I sadly needed them, and the schooner must have dogged in my wake, as you say it was from her you gained the information regarding my whereabouts."

"None; no more can I solve than that I can the problem of the spectral light that appears to have surrounded her, and the cloud of mist, or smoke, in which she seems always enveloped," said Commodore Cutting.

"And I also, commodore, for I could swear to having heard his voice before. Have you thought of whom it reminds you?" asked Alden Ainslie.

"Yes; it sounds like the voice of poor Moncrief in battle, for you remember he sailed under me for years."

"Yes, it had the same startling, ringing tones I have heard from Noel when in action, but then it cannot be he."

"Moncrief, Moncrief! Was not that the name of one of your most brilliant officers, who slew his superior in a duel and then fled his native land? I was cruising in these waters at the time," said Sir Macy.

"Yes, poor fellow, he fled in his own yacht, accompanied by but one companion who had aided his escape from the Vulture, and as he put into New York and armed and equipped his little craft, I feared he had determined to turn free rover, and my fears were realized."

"He became a pirate, then?" asked Sir Macy.

"So it was believed, and met a sad fate, for some two years ago his yacht, which had been committing some depredations along the Gulf coast, and upon Southern commerce, was attacked by a revenue cutter, and refusing to surrender, was sunk with all on board."

"He died game, even though a pirate."

"Y. S., it was just like Moncrief to die at his guns, poor fellow," and an expression of sad regret stole over the face of the old commander, for he had dearly loved the erring young naval officer, to whom he owed his life, for in a gale at sea, when swept away by a huge wave that washed his vessel's decks, Commodore Cutting would have sunk to rise no more, had not Noel, knowing his commander could not swim, sprung overboard and sustained him until the life boat was launched and both were rescued from their peril.

As the crew of the Vulture gazed upon the exciting scene the Flying Yankee passed on up the river for a short distance, and then gracefully and swiftly coming around headed down-stream, while her starboard guns again opened upon the frightened Englishmen, and with terrible effect.

Having sped by the line-of-battle ship as she had commenced; her ports were closed, and as silently and peacefully as a toy ship, she flew down the river until she came abreast the Vulture, that was rushing on to meet her foe with all haste.

All eyes sought the beautiful schooner and observed the same man upon her quarter-deck who had before hailed them; but his face was masked behind a crimson shield, and defied recognition.

"I have thrown them into confusion; push on and lay the Vulture alongside the ship, and she is yours."

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried Alden Ainslie, and the crew broke out in three lusty cheers for the Flying Yankee, which, the next moment, rounded the bend and disappeared from their sight in her seaward flight.

"Barbara, my dear child, for Heaven's sake, rise! Tell me, I beg of you, what you mean!"

"No, no, I cannot! I dare not! but if in the time to come, the miserable time to come, you hear me spoken of as something not fit to name, you will think there is one spot in my wretched heart free from guilt, where your memory will be ever cherished! Try and think of me at my best, no matter what people may say!"

Before he could speak, the door opened, and Barbara leaped to her feet with a rebound.

A fairy figure, in a splendid dinner toilet, with jewels flashing on the neck and arms, and a circlet of gems clasping back the flowing curly

prize," cried the old commodore, with enthusiasm.

"Ay, ay, sir! At the guns there! Aim at that crowd rushing for the ship; fire!"

The Vulture's hoarse guns belched forth fire and iron hail, checking the advance of the few men whom their officers had rallied and were leading toward their ship; but momentary was the halt, for again the English rushed on.

"Fire away, my hearties; aim true, and load heavy, or they'll meet us yet on their own decks! Steady as you are, helmsman! there that will do! Now, Mr. Hendricks, strip her sail—lively, lively, and she'll float up gently and not crush an egg," and cheered by their captain's distinct orders the crew of the Vulture sprung to their work.

Stripped of her canvas, yet still forging forward and obeying her helm, the Vulture soon ran gently alongside the Englishman, and in iron hail, checking the advance of the few men whom their officers had rallied and were leading toward their ship; but momentary was the halt, for again the English rushed on.

With a yell the Americans followed the gallant captain upon the Englishman's decks, just as the British seamen, headed by their officers, clambered over the other bulwarks, and at once the combat became fierce and sanguinary.

Afrightened at the sudden terrific spectacle of the Flying Yankee, cut down in their camp by her murderous guns and beaten back from their ship, the English were taken at disadvantage, and it was some time ere their officers could rally their superstitious crew to action, for one and all had heard of the weird schooner that so resistlessly swept the seas; but when the specter craft, as they believed it to be, headed seaward, and they were confronted with a mortal crew and a *bona fide* vessel, they quickly sprang to their posts and bravely met the Americans face to face, although their numbers had been greatly reduced by the fire of their unknown foe.

Had not been for the unexpected aid from the Flying Yankee, there is but little doubt that the Americans would have been defeated, even though they had surprised their enemies, for they were greatly outnumbered both in men and guns; but having this advantage, Captain Ainslie and his crew after a short but terrible contest hurled their foes from their vessel's decks, and training their guns upon their camps, compelled them to ask for quarter.

Sullenly the British laid down their arms, and Alden Ainslie found that he had captured one of the finest vessels in the English navy.

Learning from the English commander that the report of the Flying Yankee was correct, as regarded the defeat of the American squadron in the Gulf, Commodore Cutting at once determined to dispatch his prisoners to Savannah overland, and bring back an American crew for the prize, which, in the mean time, could not be reefed for sea, so as to sail in company with the Vulture.

From Sir Macy Northcote, the British commander, Commodore Cutting could glean no information as to what was the mystery hanging over the Flying Yankee, and the Englishman was greatly surprised to learn that the weird vessel was as wholly unknown to the navy of the United States as to that of Great Britain.

"The strange-looking vessel first appeared to us," said Sir Macy, in his interview with Commodore Cutting, "in the heat of battle, and her guns were fired with the greatest precision; so much so, in fact, that I poured upon her several broadsides, although severely pressed at the time by one of your large cruisers.

"Apparently my aim was bad, for the schooner remained unhurt, and as she disappeared in the smoke of battle shortly after, I forgot about her until the action was over, and then nowhere could she be seen.

"I put in here for repairs, for I sadly needed them, and the schooner must have dogged in my wake, as you say it was from her you gained the information regarding my whereabouts."

"None; no more can I solve than that I can the problem of the spectral light that appears to have surrounded her, and the cloud of mist, or smoke, in which she seems always enveloped," said Commodore Cutting.

"Then the cry of war aroused the sleeping fire in the bosom of every American, and sending for a lady relative to come and live at the manor with Eve, Governor Moncrief buckled on his armor, and at the head of a regiment took the field against America's foes.

gentlemen and maidens soon became most friendly with each other.

"Well, captain, what do you make of the craft?" asked Don Guido, as the old seaman descended to the deck.

"It is the shadow schooner, sir."

"Captain, my daughter Violeta thinks she recognizes in her Spain's old enemy, the Red Wing."

"Ha, say you so? Why, lady, you are a better sailor than I am, for I now see the resemblance that tortured my mind when I first met the Flying Yankee, to recall the craft she reminded me of; I believe you are right, for I once came athwart the Mexican cruiser, Red Wing, and I will say I never met a more perfect gentleman than was her commander, or a more thorough seaman."

"I was in Havasu, awaiting repairs to my vessel, not the Sea Slipper, but a brig, that had been dismantled in a hurricane, and, hearing ill-news from home, I took passage in a Spanish vessel bound to New Orleans, and when three days out we were chased and overhauled by the Red Wing."

"The largest number of our passengers were women, and so observing, for we could not keep them below, the young pirate would not fire upon us, but ran the gauntlet of our guns, boarded us, and captured the ship in ten minutes, although our crew outnumbered him two to one."

"Finding that the freight was owned by American merchants he would touch nothing, and after half an hour let the ship go on in peace."

"Yes, yonder schooner is very much like the Red Wing, and I would say it was that famous craft, had she not been said to have gone down in a gale."

The schooner was now hardly more than a mile distant, but suddenly changing her course she stood off from the ship's course, and nightfall coming on soon after, she disappeared from the sight of those on board the Sea-Slipper.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 276.)

Tiger Dick: THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XXII.

JUDGE LYNCH.

FLORENCE GOLDFTHORP was in a pitiable state when Charles Brewster helped her into the carriage. He followed her, and taking up the reins, drove directly to her home.

"Oh, Mr. Brewster!" she said, "is he guilty? Have they proof?"

Somehow, it was easier to believe him guilty of an impulsive, unpremeditated murder, smarting under a sense of injury, than of cold, calculating forgery.

"I fear there can't be scarcely a doubt of his having committed the act; but it must have been in a moment of passion, and unintentional."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Brewster. You always understand Frederick. He never meant to do it, I know. But if he had only waited—if he had only waited! We should have cleared him—I know we should. But now it is too late. Oh, that he should have done such a deed!"

She covered her face with her hands, and wept and moaned.

Charley could not comfort her. His own heart was full. He was thinking of the look May had given him when he announced the death of her lover; and it wrung his heart to think of her feelings when she learned that her own brother was the murderer.

He parted with Florence at the door of her home, and then went to Dead Man's Bluff. He was at the landing when the boat brought its dreadful load to the shore. He gazed into the face of the dead, or into what had been a face, and shuddering, sighed:

"Poor May! She can never look upon him. It would kill her. And to think that her own brother should do it! He must have gone insane, or he never could have mutilated him so well. Cecil has accomplished his work. No one could wish one more abject than Fred. He has crushed him, but at the expense of his own life."

He was awakened from his meditations by the vengeful turn the crowd had taken. He saw what was coming, but too late to take measures to prevent the catastrophe. He set out for the city, borne along in the rush of the mob.

Meanwhile, Florence had sent a man to Dead Man's Bluff, charged to bring her the intelligence when the body was found. Then she went to bed, overcome by the events of the past two days. It was while tossing on a bed of suffering, that news was brought her of the awful peril that threatened her lover. She arose and dressed, and ordered her saddle horse. Mounting, she set out toward the city, with no plan of action, only that she must save him.

But what could her weak arm avail against the frenzied mob that was dragging him to his doom? Onward, onward, ever nearing the fatal spot where lay his victim! and the wild frenzy rising higher and higher, as they drew near! Along the river bank and up the bluff, until they stood on the dread spot, and the murderer was forced to look upon the work of his own hands!

Then the discordant yell of vengeance and the dangling rope!

"Hand him up here, an' no more foolishness!"

"Hold on, pard; the cove's got ter have a fair trial. It won't cure one murder to commit another. The thing's got be done 'cordin' ter law. Who air ye goin' ter have fur Judge Lynch?"

"Judge Lynch be blowed! We know he's guilty, an' that's enough. Trot him right along. Money don't go down with us. He's got ter swing like a poor man."

"Look a-here, my friend, air ye goin' ter take it on yourself ter be judge, jury, witness an' hangman, all ter oncet? That's jest what we want ter be informed about," said the roustabout with a menacing frown.

"Cuss yer law! What we want is justice. A man's been killed here, and somebody's got ter swing, sartain!"

"You look like a slap-up specimen, you do; but if you want ter jump right up onto my muscle, you'd better say this cuss hain't goin' ter have a fair and square trial. That's jest what sort of a man I am—you can put up or shut up!"

As the other showed no desire to "jump upon the muscle" of the roustabout, he turned to the crowd and said:

"Who's goin' ter be Judge Lynch in this here trial?"

"I go my pile on you. I reckon you're the man for the place," said one, and the rest joined in a vociferous acclaim.

"All right, gents. Trot out yer witness."

The fisherman was led forward, half frightened.

"Look a-here, pard," said the roustabout, with a frown that was anything but reassuring, "do you swear that this is the kid what run by you last night?"

"That's him, yer honor, so help me God!" sputtered the terrified witness.

"I guess that settles the matter, don't it, gents?" asked the "judge."

"Oh, yes; we know a heap more we did afore," sneered the man who had been snubbed by the roustabout.

"Look a-here, stranger, there'll be a row in this here camp in about two minutes and a half, if you don't put a stopper on that patter trap o' yours. I should hate to spile yer beauty; but I reckon you'll swaller enough teeth ter set up a dentist shop right smart."

Having quelled his opponent, the "judge" again turned to the court.

"I reckon there's only one punishment for the crime o' murder. How is it, gents? Jest speak your minds."

"Hang him!"

"Stretch his cussed neck!"

"Hold up; let him spout first."

"Dry up yer chin-music, and don't yer go ter instuctin' the judge. One's enough ter run this here machine. Jest you keep in your end o' the shop. Has the prisoner anything ter say, why he shouldn't stretch the hemp?"

The "judge" paused; but the "prisoner" was stupid with terror, and attempted to say nothing.

"The prisoner is silent. Jest somethin' less than three score an' ten git a holt o' t'other end o' the rope, while I fix this necklace be comin'."

"Lift him tenderly. It's not every day you have a gentleman o' means at t'other end o' the rope."

"The money he stole from his dad won't buy off this here crowd, eh, gents?"

"Put a fancy knot in that there neck-tie!"

"Air you ready? He—"

"Hold up, there! Slack up on that there rope!"

The premature pull had deranged the knot. The roustabout rearranged it, and held the noose over the head of the prisoner.

Bound hand and foot, with a ruffian on either side holding him by the arms, with Judge Lynch just about to drop the noose over his neck, and more than a score at the other end of the rope only too eager to give the fatal tug, Fred Powell was indeed in a critical situation.

He thought of the sister who had grown at his side from earliest infancy; he thought of the father whom he had last seen lying stoned and bleeding in a corner of the cell, trampled by heedless feet; then he thought of her who had said:

"Frederick, I love you more than a sister—more than a father—more than a mother! I trust you as I trust my God!"

How had he rewarded that love! Covered her with shame—worse than that, made her an object of pity, as the affiance bride of a murderer! And her trust! Would not a murderer do anything? A drunkard, a gambler, a murderer—proved beyond the shadow of a doubt! And would she believe that two links in the chain were wanting?—forgery and theft! Would her simple faith in him, thus rudely shaken, prevail against the evidence that had convinced his grandfather, his sister, his father? He could not hope it. He hung his head in abject misery, and was almost glad that it would so soon be over.

"Say yer prayers, if you've got any to say," said the executioner, as he hesitated a moment.

Fred shuddered. Could a murderer pray?

Then appeared to his mind a vision before which all the affairs of this world sunk into utter insignificance. He saw his soul steeped in the blood of a fellow-creature. He saw the dread, accusing frown of the Just Judge and shuddering, fainting, sickening with horror, he waited for the awful moment.

"As judge o' this court, I hereby carry out its sentence; and may God have mercy on your soul!" said the roustabout, in horrid mockery of judicial form.

Then, with one awful moment of suspense, he let the noose fall; and, with a wild yell, a hundred hands tugged at the rope.

Florence caught him in her arms, as he staggered blindly, and drew him away.

"Here is Duke. Get upon him, and ride for your life!"

Florence, is this you?" he cried, brushing the blood out of his eyes. "What a place for you! Mount instantly yourself. Here, I will help you."

He essayed to help her—he, who could scarcely sustain his own weight.

"No, no!" she cried. "I have friends; I am safe. But you—save yourself, as you love me!"

Further debate was cut off by a concerted yell that rose above the general tumult, and a discharge of pistols in a volley that made itself heard above the random shots. Then there was a surging of the crowd apart, and a body of mounted policemen, headed by Charley Brewster, urged their way to the black horse and his mistress.

There was a momentary pause, and while the policemen clustered around with threatening weapons, Charley leaped to the ground.

"Take my horse, Fred!" he cried, as he lifted Florence into her saddle.

But Fred did not comply.

"Give me a lift, Charley," he said, with one hand on the cantle of Florence's saddle.

There was no time for hesitation or questions. Charley placed his hand on his knee; Fred made a step of it, and leaped astride of Duke, behind Florence. Charley mounted his own horse; and the party dashed from the crowd, followed by a shower of bullets that made one policeman's horse riderless, while another officer reeled in his seat.

Then Charley Brewster saw what Fred had done. He had interposed his own body between her he loved better than life and the bullet he knew would follow their flight.

Just as the sun sunk from view behind a bank of clouds that were rapidly coming up in the west, they emerged into the country road, and Fred was safe for the time.

It was proposed to carry him to a jail in an adjoining county; and they set out with a twelve miles' ride before them. The storm was upon them before they had accomplished half the distance. The men slouched their hats over their faces, drew up their coat-collars, and dashed ahead, with the rain pelting in their faces.

Amid crashing thunder and lightning zigzagging across the sky, they drove up to the jail. Lanterns were brought and the party dismounted. When they came to look for their prisoner, he was nowhere to be found.

The black horse and his mistress had also disappeared.

Later that night Duke galloped up to the

"Halt!" So engrossed had all been in the fiendish work, that they knew nothing of her presence until the first leap that brought her into their very midst. Then a shout of terror and warning arose, as the black horse descended among them, knocking some of them bleeding and unconscious to the ground. Again he vaulted into the air; one of the men who was holding Fred saw him, leaped aside to avoid the shock, and dragged the wretched captive from beneath the fatal noose. At the same instant, the noose fell, striking Fred on the shoulder; the would be hangmen yelled and gave a violent tug, that caused the rope to run over the limb and themselves to fall in a heap; and the leaden end of Florence's riding-whip descended upon the head of the roustabout, sending him reeling against the tree.

The ruffian recovered himself and drew his revolver.

Florence, quicker than he, whipped out her own weapon and drew trigger, with the pistol covering the villain's heart. The hammer descended, but there was no report.

With a hoarse laugh of triumph, the heartless demon fired at the heroic girl, and Florence slid to the ground.

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THAT FINE YOUNG MAN.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Indeed he was a fine young man,
One of the handsomest kind;
A knightly hand drawn through a sieve
In truth you could not find.
His hair discriminated in
The center of his head,
If it denoted anything,
This young man was well red,
This fine young man.

His heart was far above reproach
With a heart so noble fit;
The color was without a fault,
With not a stain on it,
And widely was he honored for
His bosom's purity—

I mean the bosom of his shirt,
Which plainly showed that he

Was a fine young man.

He was a true collier most
Religiously turned down,
The sociability of his hat,
Beat anything in town;

His neckline looked so affable,
It straightway took your eye,
And the admiring look of glover,
Some one would make you sick,

What a fine young man!

The heart was e'er enraptured by
His sentimental looks,
And moral mustache bringing forth
To vision its first fruits.

The intelligent buttons of his vest

Showed with consistency,

And the bright style of style

Was wonderful to see,

What a fine young man.

The worthy collar on his coat
Was very chaste and fair;

His energetic finger-rings

Were very wise and rare;

And when he blew his cautious nose

On handkerchief quite fine,

It was a true perfume

Of something half-divine

In this fine young man.

He quoted poetry by the cord,

And precepts by the page;

His very cough was sanctified,

And interest did engage;

And when he dwelt on scenes in which

He had been pasted up,

The girls exclaimed with one accord:

"Oh, would we had the heart

Of this fine young man!"

And upon when his humble wrists

The sheriff meekly placed

The clasp of steel which several times

Before those wrists had graced,

Looked just like a martyr wronged,

From freedom to by far

Yet 'twas a sad case of mistake—

He had mistaken a horse,

This fine young man!

LEAVES

From an Actor's Life;

Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

V.—Edwin Forrest, the Great American Tragedian—His Favorite Characters—Metamora—The Gladiator and Jack Cade—Damon and Pythias—His Peculiarities—The Plot of the Play—Working up a Great Effect—Clear the Track—The Dancer and the Pasteboard Chap—A Flirtation, and how it Ended.

THERE is no name so identified with the history of the American stage as that of Edwin Forrest, whose death in Philadelphia has been so recently recorded.

I remember him in his prime—his fresh and vigorous manhood. I have acted with him, first as a child, and afterward as a man in all of his plays.

He was in every sense of the word a muscular actor. His success was made by his commanding figure and stentorian voice. His reputation was made by three plays, written expressly for him: "Metamora," by Stone; "Jack Cade," by Judge Conrad; and "The Gladiator" by Doctor Bird, author of the celebrated novel of "Nick of the Woods; or, the Jibbenainosay."

In all three of these characters he appeared to great advantage; particularly so in the Gladiator, the costume of this character displaying his sinewy proportions very effectively. To the play of Metamora he undoubtedly owed the fortune he acquired. It was always attractive, and never failed to draw a large attendance, when the public would not flock to the theater to witness his efforts in other characters. Stone's production could draw for Forrest a better house than Shakespeare's. The people delighted in his Metamora, when they would not go to see Macbeth, Hamlet or King Lear. This fact galled Forrest excessively. He prided himself upon being a Shakespearean reader, and he called Metamora "trash." Perhaps it was, but it was very good trash. After trying to get the people into the theater to see Macbeth, etc., the "Great American Tragedian" was obliged to fall back on the "Big Injin" to make his engagement pay.

And his performance of the Indian, King Philip, was worth seeing. He looked the monarch of the forest to life. He infused a brusque dignity into the character that made it very taking with the denizens of the pit and gallery.

His next best characters were the Gladiator and Jack Cade, (the writer of the latter play spoiled it by making Jack Cade, the stout yeoman of history, a nobleman by the name of "Alymere.") After these he was very good in King Lear, Virginius and Damon. In Roman characters his fine physique was of great service to him. When he donned the tunics and the toga he always looked:

"The noblest Roman of them all!"

It was in Banion's play of "Damon and Pythias" that I first encountered Edwin Forrest. He played Damon and I played his child. This was a speaking part. I had to carry on a bunch of flowers, kneel down and present it to my father, and, in answer to a question as to what I would like to be, reply:

"I'd be a soldier like Pythias."

The shrillness with which I enunciated this desire, added to my diminutive form, I suppose, generally secured a round of applause.

I was very ambitious in those days—more so than I have been since—and I was very anxious to kneel gracefully. This kneeling was done with one knee only, and the knee used must be fronting the audience, or the position will appear awkward.

I went about behind the scenes practicing this kneeling, first trying one knee, and then the other, to get the right position. As I wore long stockings of a flesh color—fleshings is their technical name in the theater—the result of this practice was to make Damon's child appear before the audience with a pair of very dirty knees; and I was requested to abstain from it in the future.

Like all great men, Forrest had his peculiarities. He was devoted heart and soul to his profession. He used to resort to a singular device to heighten the effect of his last entrance in the play of Damon and Pythias.

The argument of the play is, the test of friendship. Damon being condemned to die by the tyrant Dionysius, the ruler of Syracuse,

is permitted to go and visit his wife and child while his friend Pythias takes his place in prison with the understanding that the friend is to suffer death in his stead if he does not return within a stated time. Damon is delayed by a servant who kills his horse, in the hope to save his master's life by the delay; but Damon rushes forth upon the road, meets a mounted traveler, forces him to dismount, springs into the saddle, urges the animal to a furious speed, and arrives in Syracuse to find Pythias upon the scaffold, with the block, headsman and ax prepared. Pythias is saved, and Dionysius, moved by their devoted friendship, "gives back his life to Damon."

The first intimation that the audience has of the coming of Damon is a shout in the distance. The shout is echoed, repeated, swelled into a loud chorus, and in the midst of the tumult Damon, in a terrible state of excitement, for fear that he may be too late to save his friend, dashes frantically upon the stage.

Forrest used to work himself up for this, and produce a grand effect. He would go to the extreme back of the stage behind the wings (side scenes) and when the prompter gave the first faint shout, he started on a run, with half a dozen supers—the distant shouters—at his heels, increasing their shouts in loudness as they passed each wing, and he shouted also, dashing on like an infuriated bull. "Keep the passage clear" was the order, and woe to the scene-shifter, or super, who neglected the warning! With his hands stretched wildly before him, the great tragedian thrust them from his path, and they went down before that impetuous charge like trees beneath the breath of the tornado.

Down to the first entrance he went, and then dashed upon the stage, panting and breathless, to fall exhausted into the arms of his preserved friend. This natural bit of acting always received the applause it merited; and the unfortunates who had been scattered by the way, were careful not to be in Damon's track a second time. I have always thought that Forrest was rather delighted when somebody did get in his way. It "worked" him up to a greater state of excitement in removing the obstacle.

And I know one young gentleman who was of my opinion. I think he was a son of one of the stockholders. He had the privilege of coming behind the scenes, at all events, how-

ily down upon the somber sea of verdure, its subdued rays reflected from two ashen lines that divided the forest. Forest it was—a forest such as the Lilliputians might have been proud of; a forest where the stateliest tree scarce measured two feet in altitude—yet each oak had its separate trunk, its boughs, its lobed leaves, and its tiny bunches of brown acorns. It was a forest of dwarf oaks (*Quercus rata*).

Since early dawn, two men had been wearied plodding their way across this freak of nature, leaving behind them a silvery trail as the passage of their feet reversed the natural position of the leaves, exposing their silvery lining. Their story? It was told in their haggard and anxious faces; by their worn garments, torn and ragged, stained here and there with ugly blotches of deep red—of blood.

Two nights previously, a party of nine white men had been attacked by Indians. Seven were massacred, two escaped, thanks to their good horses, whose mad race ceased only when death overtook them. Since then it had been a weary, painful struggle for life—near two hundred miles from the nearest settlement, through the hunting-grounds of the Apaches.

"Corralled!" suddenly exclaimed Don Gwilt, a man little past the prime of life, who, during the past twenty years, had earned for himself a terrible reputation; "down—cover, Ralph—it's our only chance!"

The comrades prostrated themselves, the dwarf oaks barely overtopping their shoulders. A long-drawn, lugubrious howl, uttered by the gaunt gray wolf that had been dogging them for hours, caused Don Gwilt's brow to gather; it seemed an evil omen.

Far away, over the tops of the thin oaks, the comrades could faintly distinguish a number of moving figures—of horsemen. Steadily the phantom-like riders approached until the plumes, the loose robes, the curious painted helmets of the warlike Apaches could plainly be distinguished. Still nearer, as though guided by fate, the war party bade fair to ride directly over the prostrate whites.

A wild light filled the old hunter's eyes, a frightful rage distorted his features, and lifting his rifle, he covered the foremost brave, now not forty rods away, and drew the trigger.

The cap snapped, but no report followed.

And then—it was like the instantaneous

changes of a kaleidoscope. A sudden charge—

sight!—the hot tears trickled like dew-drops down his shaggy beard.

With a shrill cry, the woman snatched the bracelet from his hand, her eyes flashing angrily.

"My mother! you steal my dead mother!"

These words seemed to petrify Don Gwilt. His clenched hand fell—he face turned to a sickly pallor. Then he sunk to the ground, burying his face in his hands, his strong frame racked with terrible emotion.

But this lasted only for a moment. Looking up, he said, in a strangely subdued voice:

"Lola—little 'Ola—am I dead to you, too?"

"Who—who are you?" she gasped, pressing one hand to her breast, as though to still the painful throbbing.

"The white wagons—the pretty spotted pony—a little, curly-haired girl who laughed and clapped her hands so merrily whenever her big brother would let her ride upon the saddle before him; don't you remember, little 'Ola?"

"Mother of God! my brother!" gasped the woman, and then the long divided but now reunited brother and sister met in a close embrace.

In mute surprise the spectators beheld this.

Only a cry of joy broke from the lips of young Ralph Murden. He believed that this discovery would be the means of saving his life.

As though the sound had recalled her memory, Lola drew back from her brother's embrace, and, turning, spoke a few sharp words to the surrounding braves. The look of joy vanished from Gwilt's face; he seemed about to speak, when, at a gesture from Lola, he was seized and rebound, before he could collect his thoughts.

"Brother," said Lola, coldly; "a chief has died. He cannot enter the spirit land unattended. You heard him call for his white dogs—shall his squat shut her ears to his words? Mat-luta must be obeyed."

"You are my sister—don't make me curse the day that I found you, after twenty years searching."

Her only reply was a gesture, which was promptly obeyed. Don Gwilt was gagged.

Willing hands seized upon the unfortunate Murden, and stripped him bare, then daubed him over with a black, greasy compound. Bound hand and foot he was lifted up and placed at the feet of Mat-luta.

"You will never see me again, brother. To-morrow we take up a long trail, never to return to these parts. Be guided by me. Let us accept our fate. Now—good by!"

And so the brother and sister parted.

Guarded by half-a-dozen braves, Don Gwilt rode away from the valley that had witnessed the horrible death of his young friend. For two days they rode on, and then armed and well-mounted, Don Gwilt was left to find his way to the settlement, only a few miles distant.

He kept his threat. For a full year he searched for the lost sister, but without success. Lola, the Apache queen, was never more heard of.

Beat Time's Notes.

IF twelve ounces make one pound, how many ounces will make two pounds each other all to

WHAT is the difference between one short row of long beans and one long row of short beans?

WHEN eggs are rated at twelve to the dozen, how much is a cord of wood worth, which you have sawed and split yourself?

A BOY travels through school at the rate of two rods a day, how old will he be before he gets furlong in school?

RUNNING after happiness is a good deal like running after your hat, you only catch it by putting your foot on it and mashing it out of shape.

If one dog with one bark scares away one burglar, how many burglars and dreams will he scare away if he barks all night? Don't answer.

A YOUNG man's suit was refused nine times; the tenth was accepted, which was one too much; how big a fool was he, and what was his chagrin? Answer in figures.

IF molasses is worth twenty cents a dozen when water is low and kites are high, how much will a young man come to in round numbers who lays around and boards with the old man?

AN intelligent infant of forty summers starts to ascend a tread-mill at the descending at twenty feet a second, the tread-mill descending at the same rate; how long will it take him to get tired of this kind of fun?

I HAVE often looked at the innocent little lamb, that has nothing to do but enjoy itself, while it is unconsciously developing into mutton, and wool enough is growing upon its back to make its living. I don't wish to say that I would like to be a sheep, but then—I've got to work so hard.

If one small boy with a cross-eye and freckles, and his pants rolled up, and molasses on his face, can eat two pockets full of green apples in less time than it takes to count your poor relations, how long would it take two black cats to get into a fight, and lick a three year old skilful?

SIXTY bed bugs attack an unsuspecting boarder on a calm, still night; one-sixth of the number he flattens with a boot-jack; one-eighth get their jaw bones broken with a stove-leg; one ninth are stunned with a bed-slat; nineteen he kills with an ax, and there are more left alive than when he began. How is it?

OUT of a basket of oranges at five cents apiece, and pretty small at that, a good little boy sneaks three, age five years, with the rhine on, who had gone to Sunday-school and got tickets, and a little over ripe; now, how much would—I mean, how many—that is to say, what would—or, in other words, don't you think this is a very bad example, anyhow?

THE WOOD-SAW.

ONE of the most racking memories of youth is the memory of the wood-saw. With its sharp teeth it always came between us and pleasure. It was the easiest kind of a thing to run on a nail, so it would have to be sharpened before we could use it, and then we'd have time to go fishing while it was getting sharpened.

How delightful it was to the youthful mind to sit down on a stick of wood and muse on the beauties of the wood-saw until we went to sleep! How we used to think about the inventor, and wish with every heart we had that he was that stick of wood, so we could saw him in two, and that he would eventually be burned! What a lovely thing it was to drop a stick of wood on it and break its corporeal frame. And when we wanted to go skating, how did it grin with its teeth at us, as if it whispered no! We treasured it so that we always waked up in the morning to fear and become alarmed that somebody hadn't come around that night and stolen it. How hard we used to work to wear the rust off it and to wear it out. How we used to oil it to make it run easier, but we never could oil it enough to make it run by itself. How it developed the "push" in the heart of the boy. What a beautiful thing it was to throw through the wood-house window, or to give away to some poor little boy in charity which would not have been constrained! How splendidly it performed its work—when we were behind it performing ours! We thought so much of it that really we never entirely could